

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



No. 194.—VOL. VIII.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1846.

[SIXPENCE.

THE OPENING SESSION.

THE period of speculation and uncertainty is almost at an end ; on Thursday next her Majesty will open Parliament, and then must follow a series of explanations of all the mysteries that have so perplexed politicians, not with the "fear of change," but its actual occurrence. The Premier will have to explain why, with a majority stronger in numbers than any Minister for the last twenty years, he suddenly broke up a Government that enjoyed respect abroad, support at home, peace, and a surplus revenue : with all this, the Ministry foundered all at once, like

Ships that have gone down at sea,
When Heaven was all tranquillity.

The pilot, who yielded in the calm, but who may even yet "weather the storm," will be obliged to render some account of the occurrence. His rival, who was called at so short a notice to the temporarily abandoned helm, must also explain why he could not manage the vessel—why he failed even to enlist a crew ; whether it was squabbles among the officers, or differences about the "provision" department—all must come out. The oracles must find a tongue, and with words of authority quiet and set at rest those *ambiguas voces*, which have too long occupied the public ear with so many rumours, and most of them false ones. Intense will be the expectation when the Premier rises with his narrative of the past ; often have we admired his unrivalled ability of statement, telling no more than he wishes to reveal, and yet wearing throughout such an air of candour and openness, as if, being among friends, he need use no reserve. Often, and in great difficulties, has he silenced discontent among his friends, and disarmed or mollified the rancour of opposition. The Income Tax, the Tariff, the Irish Colleges, the rescinding of the vote on the Factory Question—what prudence and dexterity were required to carry through all these measures ! But not in any crisis of his past career was he called on to make a larger demand on all his powers than in that which awaits him in the opening session. Look at the proceedings of the great number of meetings of the agricultural interest which have lately been held ; with few

exceptions, harsh, indeed, has been the language used with respect to him ; only one topic has called forth stronger invective, and that is the League. His resignation of office has awakened suspicion among the bulk of the counties, and the fears of the constituencies will compel the representatives to stand aloof, to be chary of proffers of support, to turn the smiles with which they have been wont to regard the Treasury Bench into

A brow
Sullen as that of Saturn, when he sits
Apart and frowning on the births of men.

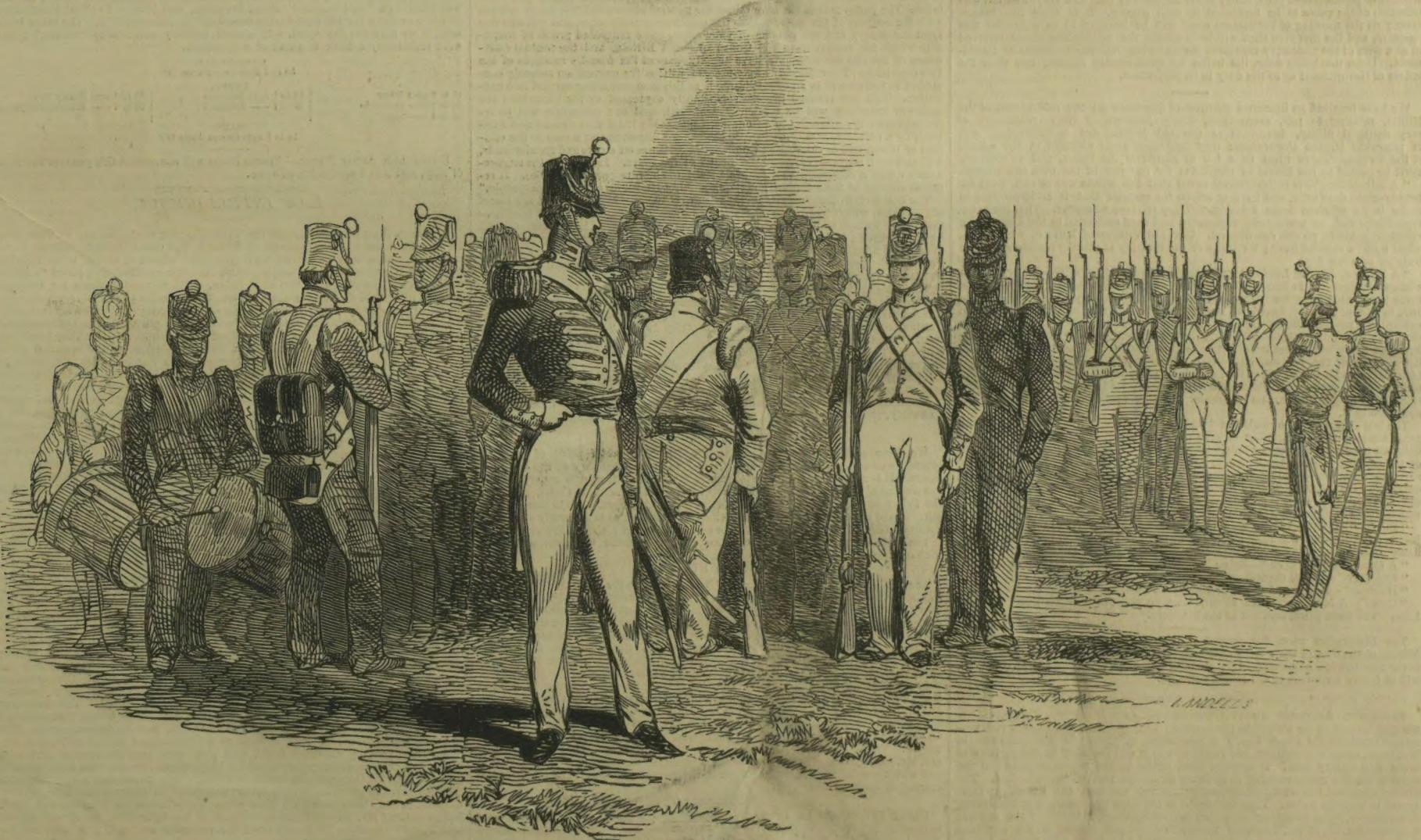
The cheers will be less loud and less frequent, and there will be all the signs painfully visible of the constraint inevitable among a body estranged from its chief. By what eloquence can all this suspicion be changed to cordiality, this discontent into confidence ? The words of Mercury and the songs of Apollo might almost fail in accomplishing the task ; and yet, judging from past achievements, we have a strong belief that Peel will effect the little less than miracle. The landed interest will be compelled to see and to acknowledge that their best hopes must still repose in him, and hereafter it is not unlikely that something like regret will be felt, perhaps even expressed, at the hasty invective that has been poured out against him for intentions which it is not known that he entertains, and a policy which, as it has not yet been declared, none are able to explain, or with justice to condemn.

And the declaration of that policy ! Hard as it may be to explain the past, so as to remove misgivings, far more difficult will it be to lay down the course of the future, so as to afford satisfaction. How reconcile to *any* alterations those who have protested against *all*—even the slightest ! Here is the pinch of the question ; but, if it is seen to be impossible to overcome the difficulty, we have no doubt it will be evaded. The men of the most extreme opinions on any question are generally a minority : these it will be impossible to persuade ; and, in all probability, their opposition will be disregarded, and the necessary support will be furnished from the moderate Conservatives, and that portion of the Whig landed interest who advocate protection.

But even among this consenting section of friends what perplexities will not arise ! They will say like *Othello* in his hours of doubt and suspicion—"I think thou'rt honest, and I think thou art not." Their minds will be in a constant change from fear to hope, and back again. They look on the past through a long series of years, and during the whole period, who could be a better champion of their cause ; and they ask themselves—is it possible that all these declarations and exertions are now to go for nothing ? And then will come over them a most painful sense of their helplessness ; the man whom they at once trust and fear, has made himself the only possible leader ; his own abilities have placed him beyond rivalry, their confidence has given him that position so long that no one has arisen able to take it. The great tree has overshadowed and prevented the growth of all the shrubs in its vicinity. They have no "other of his fathom ;" they are, like lesser spirits, compelled to obey the great magician. "Ariel and all his quality" were tasked to the "strong bidding" of *Prospero* ; but it was not without occasional murmurings, and, at such times, the holder of the staff of power reminds his servitor of past obligations, of the "torments that he did free him from," not omitting, also, threats of returning him to that former state, with addition of suffering. The Premier released his party from the "torments" of Opposition, in which they had remained, like *Ariel* in the cloven pine : can they do less, asks the Conservative *Prospero*, than perform my will ? And then come indistinct threats of exile from the sunny side of the official world—a return to former punishment ; and not only threats, but an actual step made towards fulfilling it. What remains for those so completely in the power of the commanding mind, but, like the repentant spirit of the drama, to promise all obedience, and to do all required,

To answer thy best pleasure—be't to fly,
To dive, to ride upon the curled clouds,
To do thee business i' the veins of the earth
When it is bak'd with frost !

They are under an overwhelming necessity. It is useless now to repent—if reflection takes that turn—that they should have so



UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH MILITIA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

zealously and undoubtably built up the greatness they must serve. Parties can as little read the future as individuals; or many an error, seen too late, would be avoided. Had the present state of things been anticipated, the Conservatives would never have left themselves with no resource—no second Leader to fall back upon. The great wealth and vast influence of the Landed Interest must have enabled it to command the services of political talent, had it sought and fostered it. But the place was filled by one believed fitting in every respect to hold it, and the precaution was not taken. A change has come over that Leader; there is doubt and dismay among his followers; but to whom can they apply? Some political celebrities could be superseded—for they are party men, and little else. Peel cannot, for he has great influence over all parties in the House, and almost with all classes out of it. To the fiery Stanley, for instance, they could say—

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can at will thy former light restore
If it repeat me.

The prudent, cautious, clear-headed Peel cannot be so set aside, or his place so filled up, for

Once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellency nature,
I know not where is the Promethean heat
That can thy light reurne.

All these jealousies and fears will soon be seen in active operation. They will be a formidable array for the Premier to meet, yet met they must be. On all sides there are difficulties; the "situation" is complicated beyond all precedent; and though every opening session is anticipated with anxiety as to the measures it is to bring forth, never, we believe, was that anxiety wrought to so high a pitch as previous to the session of 1846.

THE MILITIA.

The probable embodiment of the Militia having excited very considerable interest, our readers may be gratified with a few historical particulars of this force.

The term Militia may be used to denote a body of soldiers raised for the defence of a nation; but, in Great Britain and Ireland the term is applied particularly to those men who are chosen by ballot to serve for a certain number of years within the limits of these realms: that is, the Militia is enrolled only for home service, and may be said to constitute a domestic guard.

In the time of the Saxons, the military force of this country was formed by a species of Militia; and every five hydes of land were charged with the equipment of a man for the service.

After the Norman Conquest of the country, the proprietors of the land were compelled, by providing men and arms, in proportion to their estates, to contribute to the defence of the realm, in the event of a threatened invasion. This Militia seems, at first, to be liable to be marched to any part of the Kingdom at pleasure; but, in the reign of Edward III., it was decreed, by a statute, that no man thus raised, should be sent out of his county, except in times of public danger. From the reign of Philip and Mary, the lords-lieutenants have had the charge, under the Sovereign, of raising the Militia in their respective counties.

In 1641, the Parliament having got into its own hands all the military force of the nation; and, in the following year, the two houses passed a bill, in which it was decreed that the power over the Militia, and also the command of all forts, castles, and garrisons, should be vested in commissioners. The King, (Charles I.) having refused his assent to the bill, the Parliament made a declaration that was necessary to put the nation in a posture of defence, and immediately issued orders to muster the Militia; on the other hand, the King issued commissions of array for a like purpose to some of the nobility; and thus commenced that war which desolated the country for several years.

Charles II. re-established the national Militia on the former footing, and vested in himself the chief command; the lords-lieutenants of the counties being subordinate to the Sovereign. The property liability was then changed: no one who had less than £200 yearly income, or less than £2400 in goods (or money), could be compelled to furnish a foot soldier; nor could one who did not possess £500 per annum, or an estate worth £600, be made to provide a man for the cavalry. Persons having less property, were required, according to their means, to contribute towards finding a foot or a horse soldier. The Militia was then mustered and trained, by regiments, once a year and during four days: there were other musters and trainings, and each man was compelled to provide himself with his own ammunition. These regulations, from their great cost, at length, ceased to be observed; and the trainings were discontinued in every part of the realm except the City of London.

In 1756, under the apprehension of an invasion by a French army, a national Militia was again raised and organised under the sanction of an Act of Parliament, 39 Geo. II.

The Militia laws were repealed in the second year of George III., when a new Act regulating the service of the force was passed; and in the 26th Geo. III., all the previously existing statutes relating to the force were formed into one law. New regulations, however, were made by Acts passed in the 42nd, 51st, and 52nd years of the same reign.

Many of our readers are, we believe, aware of the fact of an official circular having been recently issued from the Horse Guards respecting the probable embodiment of the Militia; and, on such account, many vague rumours have found free circulation upon the subject. Now, respecting the calling out, it should be recollected that the Act of Parliament authorising the ballot for the Militia has been suspended many years. The result of this is, that the alterations in the amount of population of the country must necessarily lead to a very different distribution of the *quota* to be furnished by each county. It is likely that immediately on the meeting of Parliament a bill will be brought in to authorise this measure, and the first step then will be to obtain the particulars above referred to as a part of the necessary measures for carrying out the intention of Parliament. Upon this being done, the ballot for each county follows, and then the orders of Government as to the duty to be performed.

We have received an immense number of questions on the calling out of the Militia, relating to pay, exemptions, &c. Answers on these points are of very doubtful utility, inasmuch as the old Militia Act is suspended, and in renewing it, the Government may introduce great changes in the details of the service. There must be a bill to authorise the ballot, and an estimate must be passed by the House of Commons for the pay of the men and officers.

"A Subscriber."—It is the general belief that the Militia will be called out for twenty-eight days only, and for that reason we contend that it is impossible to make it an efficient force for any military purpose whatever. That the same men disciplined as permanent regiments, and then embodied in the Line, make excellent soldiers, no one can dispute. Our Correspondent looks at what it is, when made a regular force; we spoke of the inutility of placing confidence in the training of a few days.

"A Prussian."—The Landwehr of Prussia is more like a regular army than what we understand in England by a Militia, since every Prussian must serve for three years, then for a fortnight in each year, for twelve years after that term, and, in case of war, is forced at once into the standing army, there being no exemptions nor substitutes allowed. The defence of the body first raised by this plan only amounts to this—that, in the seven or eight years succeeding 1806, the Prussian Army was better trained than the one beaten at Jena; and, even then, it was as much the political enthusiasm of the people, awoken by the promise of freedom and a Constitution, that achieved the liberation of the country, as their military organisation. But this forced military service is wholly repugnant to the spirit of our Constitution, and no greater calamity could befall England than any approach to it.

The last Census will be made the basis of the levy, and this alone will make a great alteration in the number of men to be furnished from each county. It is believed that the Government only wishes to ascertain what is the available force of the country in case of emergency, and for this purpose a short service will be sufficient; but, once embodied, every means will be used to induce the men to enter the Line; it is, in fact, an indirect way of increasing the army. Supposing the old regulations to be renewed, we may answer a few of the questions with which we have been overwhelmed:—

"E.D."—Residence in the City of London may exempt from the Middlesex Militia; but the City will raise a corps of its own, and in this all residents will be liable to serve.

"A Constant Subscriber."—Being the son of an old soldier gives no exemption.

"Enquirer."—It will depend on the provisions of the renewal act.

"Dubious."—A copper and dentist, if drawn, must serve or find a substitute.

"Civis."—A Militia-man will at any time be received as a volunteer into the Line. The force is not sent out of the kingdom.

The illustration upon the preceding page shows the uniform worn by the Militia, at the date of their last embodiment; with the exception of the cap, which is the new one lately introduced in our foot regiments; and which, it is stated, will in future form part of the Militia costume.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE CARLSRUHE AND MANHEIM RAILWAY.—On the 2nd instant, at six o'clock in the evening, near the St. Ilgen station, two passenger trains on the above line, one proceeding to Carlsruhe and the other to Manheim, came into collision, the result of which will probably be the sacrifice of more than twenty lives. It appears that, owing to the mismanagement of the signals, the two trains running in opposite directions met on the same line. The drivers observed this when, unfortunately, it was too late, and did all in their power to stop the trains. They succeeded in reducing the speed, but the trains, nevertheless, came in contact with such fearful violence, that one of the engines was smashed to pieces, rendered utterly useless, and several of the carriages dashed to atoms. The number of persons injured by this calamity was forty-four, two of whom had their legs cut off, as though they had been amputated by a surgical operation, and twenty-three mortally wounded. This accident has caused the greater excitement, as it is the first which has occurred in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris papers, this week, seem more occupied with an accident which took place last Saturday, to the viaduct of Barentin, on the Rouen and Havre Rail-road, than with the political discussions in the Chamber. Of this accident the *Constitutionnel* gives the following account:—

"About six o'clock on Saturday morning a fearful noise, which was heard as far as Pavilly, aroused the inhabitants of Barentin. The twenty-eight pillars which supported the arches of the viaduct fell one after another, and almost instantaneously. The inhabitants of Barentin instantly hastened to the scene of ruin, supposing that such an awful disaster must have caused the death of some of the inhabitants; but, fortunately, such was found not to have been the case. If those enormous pillars had not providentially fallen as they did (in a straight line)—had they fallen but a few yards to either side, a great number of persons must have been entombed, whilst in their sleep. One detached building only was destroyed by the falling mass; it was a corn-mill, situated upon the river St. Austrerberthe. The man who was attending it escaped unharmed. The river St. Austrerberthe, which runs beneath the viaduct, turned from its course by the fallen materials, flooded the country at either side, and the manufactures situated upon its banks, below the viaduct, and which are worked by that stream, were suddenly brought to stand-still.

"The viaduct was commenced in the spring of 1844, since which time between two hundred and three hundred workmen have been daily employed upon it. It was not quite completed at the time of its destruction. It was composed of twenty-seven brick arches, each presenting a span of fifteen metres, and supported by twenty-eight pillars, likewise of brick, each of which was four metres thick. The greatest elevation was thirty-two metres. The entire length of the work was five hundred metres. All that now remains of this gigantic construction are the bases of the pillars, and even those are much shaken. The loss is estimated at 1,300,000 francs."

The Rouen journals attribute the disaster to the following causes:—The bases of the columns were too small and feeble in comparison to the diameter of the arches; the bricks of which they were formed were of a very inferior quality, nearly resembling those denominated *rouge* bricks, which are liable to split in frosty weather, and also by the effect of pressure, and crumble away by humidity. The mortar was made in the most economical manner possible, not having been sufficiently hand-worked; the ingredients were not blended, which is apparent from the large lumps of unslaked lime which may be seen close to each other. The contractors of the work will lose 600,000 francs, by the disaster; it will, likewise, retard the opening of the railroad some months longer."

The *Commerce* states, that, when an opening was made through the ruins of the viaduct of Barentin, and the river was allowed to resume its natural course, the water was so impregnated with lime, that it poisoned all the fish in the river, for a considerable distance below the village of Barentin.

The Directors of the Rouen and Havre Railway have written a letter, in which they state that they have had a meeting with their engineer-in-chief, the result of which is, that the expense of reconstruction of the Barentin viaduct will fall on the contractors, and that the opening of the line will not be delayed more than two months. It is said that just at the moment before the fall of the viaduct of Barentin, M. Lorgery, flour merchant of Pavilly, was about to cross one of the arches in his cabriolet, when the horse stopped short and refused to pass. M. Lorgery struck him with his whip, but all in vain—he refused to stir. At the same moment the fall took place. The water of the river was poisoned with the quantity of lime that fell in, and a great number of fish came to the surface dead.

The *Commerce* states that the thermometer at Lyons marked 9 deg. centigrade (17 of Fahrenheit), below the freezing point on the 7th inst.

We regret to learn by the *Gazette de Middi* that a decided case of plague has been discovered in the lazaretto of Marseilles.

The Chamber of Peers has proceeded with the discussion on the paragraphs of the Address. On the paragraph being read which was connected with the foreign policy of the Government, M. Guizot ascended the tribune, and, in a long and luminous speech, defended the line of policy pursued by the Government, which he maintained, was the one best suited to support the dignity, as well as the prosperity, of the country. The most interesting part of M. Guizot's speech to English readers was that which related to Texas, and the independence of Mexico, and the Message of President Polk. "In regard to Texas and Mexico," he said "the independence of that country was admitted by the United States in 1837, by France in 1838, and by England in 1840. We had concluded a treaty of commerce with Texas; we had interests intermingled with hers, and we had a right to advise her to pursue what appeared to us to be, for her and for us, the best condition of independence. We, therefore, recommended her to remain independent. Not only were we consistent with our policy, but we consulted therein the interests of France, particularly in her commercial relations, as, hereafter, Texas might offer us great advantages in the way of markets for our goods. France had, besides, a great political interest in the independence of Texas. It is the interposition of an independent State in the midst of the United States. There are in America two races—the Spanish and the Anglo-American. It is our interest that the former should not be oppressed by the latter, and the independence of Texas would have the effect of lessening the chances of a conflict between the two. It is, in fact, advisable to multiply in America the number of independent States; it is the most favourable condition for liberty and for the development of prosperity and peace. The division of Europe into a number of independent States has largely contributed to the development of European prosperity. All intelligent minds have invariably protested against the establishment of a universal monarchy in Europe, and a universal republic would not be better for it. This is one of the ideas which has influenced our conduct towards Texas, and this idea you may rely on it will prevail. Our commercial and political interests would suffer materially by the foundation of a governmental unity in America."

The Chamber of Deputies assembled on Monday to hear read the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. The passages in which allusion is made to the good understanding between France and England, cannot fail to give satisfaction to the intelligent and patriotic portion of the community in both countries. They are as follow:—

"We are happy to learn that you continue to receive from all foreign powers pacific and amicable assurances. Peace is the first want of nations. It belongs to those whose strength is equal to their courage to proclaim loudly its advantages. The policy which has maintained the general peace amidst so many storms, with the support of the state, excites the gratitude of the people, and will one day form the history and the honour of your reign. The reiterated proofs of friendship which you receive from the Queen of Great Britain, and the mutual confidence of the two Governments, have happily secured the friendly relations of the two countries. Your Majesty announces to us that the convention recently concluded to put an end to an odious traffic is at this moment being carried into execution. This has realised the wish constantly expressed by the Chamber; the rights of humanity will be efficiently protected, and our commerce will be replaced under the surveillance of our own flag. We trust that France and England, by a united course of action, which has for object to put a stop to the effusion of blood, and to re-establish commercial relations on a sure and regular basis, will at length restore peace on the banks of the Plata. Faithful to the engagements which it contracts, France has a right to claim respect for treaties. It reminds Europe of the solemn stipulated guarantees in favour of a generous people."

The death of M. Zangiacomi, President of the Chamber of Requests at the Court of Cassation, which took place on Monday, is likely to produce a slight modification in the French Cabinet. It is said that the successor of M. Zangiacomi will be M. Martin du Nord, the present Keeper of the Seals, and Minister of Public Worship. Should M. Martin du Nord become President of the Court of Requests, his probable successor in the Cabinet will probably be M. Herbert, the present Procureur General in the *Cour de Cassation*.

The hotel of the British embassy at Paris was thrown open on Monday night for Lady Cowley's first ball of the present season, and was crowded with all that Paris contains of rank, beauty, and fashion. To quote the names of the distinguished company assembled would be literally to name the entire *élite* of the most elegant society in the capital—English, French, and strangers. The elegance of the ladies' dresses, brilliant with flowers and diamonds, together with the various costumes and uniforms of the numerous foreign guests, presented a *coup d'œil* truly admirable. The supper was magnificently laid out. Dancing was afterwards resumed, and was kept up to an early hour in the morning.

The *Gazette de France* states that Prince Louis Bonaparte is about to be restored to liberty, and to join his father, whose health is rapidly declining.

SPAIN.

We have accounts from Madrid to the 7th. The chief point of political interest was a manifesto of Don Henri, relative to the marriage of the Queen of Spain. It is announced, that the secretary of Don Henri, who is reported to be the author of the manifesto of that Prince, has been ordered to Cadiz, and that the Prince and his brother, who had received similar orders, were to leave on the 8th. These exiles will produce little effect, if there be, as is generally supposed, a strong national party for the marriage of Prince Henri with the Sovereign.

The debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the Address was proceeding, but with diminished interest.

UNITED STATES.

The *Acadia* has arrived with the New York papers to the 31st ult. They contain an account of interesting discussions in Congress respecting the Oregon territory. General Cass's resolutions, on which he gave vent to his absurd speech, passed the Senate unanimously, because they simply asked for information as to the state of the country's defences, and were not in themselves seriously objectionable. But the sentiments uttered in the course of the debate on these resolutions paved the way for the introduction of others of a more belligerent character. It took place on the introduction of some resolutions by Mr. Hämmerlin, of Indiana, and which were to the effect that all the country now in dispute is the property and part and parcel of the United States, and that there exists no power in the American Government to resign or transfer such country, and that the abandonment or surrender of any portion of the territory of Oregon would be an abandonment of the honour, character, and best interests of the American people. The discussion of these resolutions came on in the Senate on the 30th, and Mr. Calhoun met them by proposing a series of resolutions as amendments, and which are the very reverse of those of the Indiana senator. The result of the discussion is not known.

FATAL FIT WHILE AT DINNER.—On Monday night, Mr. W. Payne held an inquest at the Fountain Tavern, St. George's-road, Southwark, on the body of Mrs. Jane Wisdom, aged 58 years, wife of a tradesman residing at 71, St. George's-road. The deceased, who had for the last four years suffered more or less from paralysis, on Thursday, on sitting down to her dinner, was suddenly seized with violent paroxysms of excitement, and subsequently by a fit, which terminated fatally. She expired in a few minutes after.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

Horat. De Arte Poetica.

This couplet contains the recipe for making a perfect newspaper, and consequently the secret of the vast power and importance of modern journalism. In its infancy the newspaper press was simply a channel for political, social, and commercial intelligence: anon, it transplanted to its columns the flowers of the essayist, and presently we find it rich in the fruits of philosophy and the general harvest of science and literature. Here its purpose seemed accomplished—here, at least, its efforts paused; till, in an happy hour, the idea occurred of carrying out in a journal the effects attributed by the great artist in letters to the actual drama—

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per auren
Quam que sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus"—

which we understood to mean,—

"The eye interprets best the writer's *views*;"—

And thereupon ILLUSTRATED our NEWS.

High testimony has been lately borne to the correctness of our reading, in connexion with the manner in which we thought it our duty to put before the public certain sketches, *after nature*, having relation to a popular issue in Irish policy. A famous Milesian orator had published, in the form of a series of speeches, a sort of pastoral romance, which might be called "The Happy Valley of Waterville." As this is not the Utopian era, the leading journal of the empire found it fit to send out an especial Commissioner on a voyage of discovery—to settle whether this remnant of the golden age actually existed among the wilds of Kerry or not. The report of that functionary was to the effect that the author of the romance had drawn considerably from fancy, and tinted remarkably *couleur de rose*. This begot a war of words; and as there was a possibility that the truth might be lost in the din of battle, we despatched our limner that the scene might be "oculis subiecta fidelibus." The result of his labours, we humbly conceive, has settled the question; and with it the romance of the modern Rasselas. Thus was a good end brought to pass after the fashion recommended in our thesis—but as speedily and certainly as the newspaper press only could have achieved it. Journals literally "irritant animos"—they have the power to keep a subject constantly before the public: they are to society what the drop of water is to mechanics: they bring about the consequence by perpetually applying the cause. In like manner, comparing small things with great, we seek to accomplish that which we think of account to the interests of our national recreations. The existing feeling against the Game-laws fluctuates between the principle and the system. It is very desirable that it should take a legitimate direction; this must be our excuse—if any be needed—for so frequently recurring to the subject.

Our code of Game-laws was founded on injustice—on manifest wrong. They sprang from an ordnance called "Free Warren," which the late Lord Tentreden explained to be "a franchise of great antiquity, and very singular in its nature. It gives a property in wild animals, and that property may be claimed in the land of another to the exclusion of the owner of the land." Matters, to be sure, are ordered something better now; but so long as the beasts and birds of game may prey upon a man's crops, and the sufferer is required to pay a sum of money to the Crown before he may act in self defence, so long the law upholding such a principle must be unpopular in this land of fair play. Englishmen regard sporting as a manly amusement—as a resource of rural enterprise—as the boon recreation of those who dwell "remote from cities." It is a British instinct so to feel: our forefathers did so from the first generation. Game preserving will not suffer to exist as the despotic agent of *baitte*-ism. Our yeomanry will not foster and feed swarms of pheasants and hares because, as a recent crotchet of *bon ton*, excessively exclusive persons choose to anticipate their poultry butchers in the least seemly operation of their trade. We read, with the respect everything in its columns commands, the observations on the Game-laws which very lately appeared in a contemporary, but it is vain to test their quality by any ordinary standard. You cannot talk of a pheasant

DERRYNANE BEG AND CAHIRCIVEEN "ILLUSTRATED."
(From the *Times*.)

The fame of these localities is increasing. Not only have the pen of our "Commissioner" and the particular descriptions of our reporter given them historic repute, but now the artist has contributed his skill to "illustrate" to the eye the wretched abodes of the Kerry tenantry who have the misfortune to exist under Mr. O'Connell as a landlord. Description appeals to "the mind's eye;" but "illustration" to the eye itself. Description labours under great comparative disadvantages. Not only must it be terse, vivid, and graphic, to picture to the mind the reality, but it must also have that quality about it which will excite an interest sufficient to awaken the attention of the reader to receive piecemeal and consecutively the impressions intended to be conveyed. But *illustration* places before us the whole picture at one view: the mind, without the labour of attention, at once is master of what is beautiful or picturesque, or wretched, and forms its judgment at a glance. In this respect the artist has the advantage over the man of literature.

To ourselves, however, it is not a little flattering that the vivid descriptions of our "Commissioner" of the condition of O'Connell's wretched tenantry have excited such an interest that the enterprising conductors of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* have been induced to despatch to "the O'Connell property" in Kerry one of their artists, to "illustrate" and picture to the eye those scenes which our columns have exposed to the gaze of the world. But for us the systematic deceptions of the impostor O'Connell would have gone on, for no Irish newspaper dared to expose them. He would have continued to deceive the people of Ireland, by unblushing assertions that he "is the best—the kindest of landlords—the refuge of the poor," and so forth; and would have won popularity by the indiscriminate abuse of negligent landlords and middlemen. Now, however, not even an apprentice or a shopboy in the United Kingdom but estimates him at his true worth, as a "great middleman" and negligent landlord; for look! there, on the page of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* is the picture, both inside and out, of the wretched hovels of his tenantry.

Our "Illustrated" contemporary introduces the subject by stating:—

"The great interest excited by the 'proven' account of the condition of the tenantry of the O'Connell estate, by the *Times* Commissioner, has induced us to despatch an artist to the spot, to sketch the principal localities so vividly described in the above communications. Our artist's report is almost exclusively *graphic*; but he has appended to his sketches a few pencil notes, of which we avail ourselves. The *Times* Commissioner, our artist tells us, 'is in the mouths of all here, from the car-driver to the landlord, and from him down to the humblest labourer's child in the country.'

The first sketch given is of the town of Cahirciveen. In this the artist has shown a painter's judgment. It is an admirable sketch of the Killarney entrance to the town, which is its best aspect. The convent, the court-house, and the Roman Catholic chapel, grouped together, have a fair appearance. Beyond these public buildings, the rest of the town is judiciously left in the shade. The second sketch gives the immortalised hotel of Cahirciveen, of bull-calf renown. It is the style of house—nay, *the house* itself. A ray of sunshine across its front, and the even lines of the draughtsman have, however, given to it a magnitude of proportion, a brightness of look, which, in the centre of the dingy-looking street in the sketch above, the reality cannot boast. But it is an amiable fault of artists to flatter. There is not a doubt, however, but the exact condition of this town will eventually be as well known as St. Paul's. The Census Commissioners of 1841 will aid us in obtaining this knowledge, for they have especially noticed "the barony of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry," in which is the parish of Cahirciveen and the O'Connell property. "The inhabitants of this barony," they say, "are living in a very low state as to household accommodation." To show this, they have classified the houses into four classes. "In the lowest or fourth class, are comprised all mud cabins, having only one room; in the third, a better description of cottage, still built of mud, but varying from two to four rooms, and windows; in the second, a good farm house, or in towns, *a house in a small street*, having from five to nine rooms, and windows; and in the first, all houses of a better description than the preceding classes." On turning to page 198 of the Census, we find the statistics of the houses of the barony of Iveragh, Cahirciveen parish:—

CLASSIFICATION OF HOUSES.

	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.	Total.
Rural portion	4	22	194	634	854
Cahirciveen-town	16	132	38	29	215

So that it appears there are 215 houses in Cahirciveen, only 16 of which are first-class, or good houses; 132 of them are of the character "of houses in a small street, with five to nine rooms"—just such a street as the artist's first sketch exhibits; whilst the remainder of the houses, 67 in number, are in the third and fourth classes, *i.e.*, mud cabins, with two rooms and one room, the latter *without windows*. But what a spectacle does the "rural portion" of Cahirciveen parish present—nearly the whole of which is Mr. O'Connell's property, and the *boasted* portion of it. Out of 854 houses, 634 are mud cabins of one room and *no windows*, and 194 with only two rooms and windows, whilst out of 854 houses, there are but 26 in the first and second class of houses—that is, good farm-houses. The statistical "illustration" is nearly as good as the draughtsman's.

The next sketch is of the interior of one of these cabins. This is not so happy. Indeed, how could the artist see to sketch its internal misery, in the midst of the smoke and the darkness. The defined outline of the roof in this sketch, with its accurately placed timbers, is what *ought to be* rather than *what is*. There is a dark and undefined mysteriousness about the roughly-placed and smoke-blackened timbers of the *genuine* thing, as the smoke curlis under the roof, which the draughtsman even cannot imitate—it must be left to imagination. The interior, too, shows the luxury of space, which the originals boast not. No cottage is twice the length of the cow inside in breadth. There, however, are the cow, and the pig, and the lazy men—quite natural. Only the artist's English imagination has placed a broom inside—an article a Kerry peasant in all probability never saw, and most certainly never uses.

The next sketch, "Valentia from Ferry Point," has our unqualified admiration, as also has the sketch of the clean and comfortable Valentia Hotel. The sketch of Derrynane, of Waterville, and of Cluane's House, are also very accurate. The small house in the foreground to the right of the sketch of the road from Waterville, if not the identical cottage of the wife of Galasan, on Mr. O'Connell's fee simple property of Tarnions, which our reporter describes as "built of loose stones, without mortar or cement, and thatched with half decayed potato stalks and rushes, with an opening 34 feet high by 2½ broad, for which she paid 25s. rent," and into which cottage he had great difficulty to squeeze himself to "inspect its naked walls, a heap of stones covered with an old mat—a bed by night, a seat by day—some old turf baskets, an iron pot, some cocks and hens, a woman crouching over a few sods of turf, and three children sprawling on the heather, which was laid on the mud floor to soak up the wet," is the exact picture of it, only it wants the cesspool and dungheap in front.

On the whole, the sketches are highly creditable, and we can vouch (with the qualifications mentioned) for their general accuracy. The poor Kerry peasants must have wondered "what next!" and have thought the world coming to an end, to find a London artist down amongst them "sketching" their squalor. This instance, however, of enterprise on the part of the proprietors of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* deserves our commendation, and we need not add that we feel much flattered by it.

* * * We acknowledge that we feel proud of the commendation bestowed by our powerful contemporary upon our efforts to illustrate the scenes which have been so carefully, and, we believe, accurately described, by "the *Times* Commissioner."

COUNTRY NEWS.

FREE TRADE IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.—At a very large and important meeting, held at the Music Hall, Leeds, on Wednesday evening, the Secretary of the Association announced the subscriptions towards the quarter of a million fund, collected in various towns in the Riding. The amount received is upwards of thirty thousand pounds, and there is little doubt when the returns are completed, that this sum will be augmented to fifty thousand pounds. The Mayor of Leeds occupied the chair at the meeting, and W. Aldham, Esq., M.P., R. Cobden, Esq., M.P., and J. Bright, Esq., M.P., were present.

FREE TRADE MEETING IN BRIGHTON.—An important Free Trade meeting was held in Brighton, on Tuesday, when several resolutions in favour of a repeal of the corn and provision laws were adopted with acclamation. The chair was taken by the High Constable, and the meeting was addressed by Capt. Pechell, M.P., and Lord Alfred Hervey.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIES.—The extensive collieries in this district are all again in full and active operation; the partial strikes which existed last week have satisfactorily terminated, and the men appear perfectly contented. The consequence is that coal is less difficult to procure, and no further advance in the price is anticipated.

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—The country papers give many instances of the mildness of the season. In the gardens in front of the houses in Grange-lane, Birkenhead, primroses in full flower may now be seen. The *Nottingham Review* says—"Such is the mildness of the season that we have now on our table a carnation in full bloom, of course grown in the open air, and some twigs of hawthorn with leaves upon them of considerable size."

A POACHER KILLED.—About two o'clock on the morning of Wednesday last week, two assistant-keepers, who were watching on lands belonging to Sir John Broughton, Bart., at Blakenhall, near Bentley, Staffordshire, discovered two poachers with a dog under a hedge on a farm in the occupation of Mrs. Bloomfield. The poachers ran away, but one of them was overtaken by a powerful man named Basford, and there was a struggle between them, which terminated in the poacher, George Kean, receiving a fracture of the skull, which caused his instant death. Basford says that Kean struck at him with a pike, but that he succeeded in warding off the blow, and then hit Kean over the head with a stick; that he afterwards wrested the pike from Kean, and threw both it and the stick to a distance, and subsequently knocked him down with his fist. A Coroner's inquest has been held, and a verdict of "Justifiable homicide" returned.

LEGAL CHANGES IN IRELAND.—It is stated that Mr. Brewster, the advising counsel to the Government, is to be the new Solicitor-General. Mr. Blackburne, the new Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, cannot take his seat in that court until his patent shall have been made out. Mr. Blackburne, as chief-justice, is to go the home circuit as one of the judges of assize.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF EIGHT HUNDRED RAILWAYS.

Once Cowper's Muse was heard to sing,
By tune of Cowper's pen,
How "gallant Kempenfeldt went down
With twice four hundred men."

Now we have got a Railway Muse
Who's haunted in her dreams,
Because the Panic has gone down
With twice four hundred Schemes.

The *Royal George* may be got up
Tho' it was doom'd to drown,
But a Company that's been got up
And afterwards got down,

Is lost along with all its scrip.
One drinks a bitter cup,
In losing shares, yet so it is,
Once down it is all up.

Eight-hundred Railway Schemes are dead—
Let Gamblers pipe their eye,
They may be sure their *die was cast*
When they were *cast to die*.

Eight-hundred Schemes that once bade fair
To bring a brave amount,
Are gone—to the Accountant's? No,
But to their *last account*!

Mourn, gentles, mourn, Eight-hundred Schemes
That to the grave have past;
They *funk'd* so long upon their way,
They are *de funct* at last!

Poor Schemes! Their birth was very fair—
They play'd their pretty tricks
One morning in the newspapers,
As soon as half-past six!

We seldom see at one grand burst
So many advertisers,
Put out no doubt to hunt the blunt
Of low sirs and of high sirs!

Eight hundred Railways! How they rose
In general estimation—
It was their noble end to link
The ends of all the nation!

Their end is now one Railway grave—
No Kensal-green of clover—
Ended is all they *undertook*;
In fact, it is all over!

At first they skipp'd like things alive,
To over-run and vermin us;—
In their *beginning* all was life,
But death was at the *terminus*!

At first on flags in Capel-court,
You never saw a frown fall;
But, oh, my eyes! how *down* they look'd
When they perceived their *downfall*!

At first, in every man there shone
A boaster and a bragger,
But, ah! you saw the very stags,
At last turn round and stagger.

Panic came forth with haggard brow,
Her palsying and her pale ways;
Tin wouldn't stump, and not a dump
Of Premium cheer'd the Railways.

Deposit day swept gauntly on—
It wouldn't bear inspection,
And you might see *directors* fly
In every *direction*.

Call went unanswer'd—money down
Forsook the human vision;
Provisional Committees now
Were quite without *provision*!

The 30th came: ah! yes it did,
And everybody knows it did—
For want of the deposits then,
The plans were not deposited.

Eight Hundred schemes! how blank they look,
As though to-day were *Gloom's* day;
They're registered in *Doomsday* Book,
And won't come out till *doomsday*!

Eight hundred fetters knock'd away
From limbs of Speculation,
To some may be a 'nation loss,
But no loss to the Nation!

IRELAND.

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—The weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held on Monday, Dr. Nagle in the chair. Mr. O'Connell, having handed in a number of remittances, announced the adhesion of Charles Tottenham, Esq., of Addison-road, London, to the Repeal cause, and stated that that gentleman, connected with one of the most respectable families in Ireland, had resigned his commission of the peace for the county Wexford, where his property was situated, previous to his becoming a Repealer.—Mr. McKeon acquainted the meeting, that in travelling from London a few days since, in company with an English gentleman, the conversation turned on the Repeal agitation, and his companion inquired "What Mr. O'Connell did with all the money he received?" On his (Mr. McKeon's) arrival in Dublin, he introduced this English gentleman to Mr. O'Connell, and at his instance the books of the association were thrown open to him, and so perfectly satisfied was he with the accuracy of the accounts and the expenditure of the funds, that he subscribed £1 "in aid of the cause of an oppressed country."—Mr. O'Connell moved that as many Repeal Members of Parliament as possible should attend next Monday's meeting, to deliberate on the course they should pursue on the opening of Parliament.—The amount of the rent for the week was £164 13s. 2d.

The late Mr. D. Kelly, of Cargin, Roscommon, has left his widow £600,000. The will is to be contested.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

DEATH OF SIR JOSEPH BARRINGTON, BART.—A letter from Limerick, dated Jan. 10, says:—"We are concerned to announce the death of one of our oldest resident citizens, Sir Joseph Barrington, who departed this life at his house in Barrington-street, this morning, in the 82nd year of his age. The name of this respected old gentleman will long be associated with the establishment of Barrington's Hospital, and City Infirmary, which asylum of mercy for the sick poor he founded, and with his sons, assisted to endow, for the benefit of the present and future generations. Matthew Barrington, Esq., Crown Solicitor of Munster, eldest son of the deceased, and now Sir Matthew Barrington, Bart., succeeds to that title originally conferred upon his venerated parent by his late Majesty William IV."

SUICIDE OF CAPTAIN BAKER.—Captain Baker, of the 5th Fusiliers, committed suicide on Thursday (last week), at Enniskillen. Between six and seven at night, he sent his servant up the town for some medicine, and on his return up stairs he heard the report of a musket. On entering he found his unhappy master lying on the floor, and the top of his skull blown off, he having placed the firelock under his chin, and pulled the trigger with his toes. The reports are various as to the cause that led to this calamity. The deceased was observed to be greatly agitated during the evening. The deceased was gazetted to a company by purchase on the 30th of December. Mr. Collum, the Coroner, has held an inquest on the body in the barrack, and after the examination of Captain Baker's servant, Dr. Mackay, Adjutant Lyons, and Captain Kennedy, the Jury brought in a verdict of "Temporary insanity." Captain Baker was a young man, much esteemed, and greatly beloved by both men and officers: he was a native of Cork.

DEPLORABLE CASE OF POISONING IN NEWTOWN-HAMILTON.—An occurrence of the most tragic character has cast a deep gloom over the inhabitants of this little town. An individual, named Close, some twenty years ago married a lady named Jefferson, of a respectable family, residing near Forkhill. The lives of the couple were not distinguished for that unity and affection which should subsist between husband and wife. Close is the father of a deeply-afflicted boy by a former marriage. The most serious differences existed between Close and his wife, particularly for the last few months, and sad effects of which remain to be told. He purchased arsenic; and by whatever means it was administered, on Monday morning, about ten o'clock, the wife became very ill, and, after three hours' excruciating suffering, closed her career in this world. The above are the main facts, as they were elicited at two very protracted investigations before the Coroner, Mr. Henry, which took place in that town on Tuesday and Wednesday (last week), and which resulted in the committal of the unfortunate man to gaol on the latter night.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE EARL GRANVILLE.

Granville Leveson Gower, Earl Granville, was second son of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, by the Lady Susannah, his wife, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway. He was born, 12th October, 1773, and had, consequently, at the period of his decease, completed his seventy-second year.

From a very early age, his Lordship took an active part in public affairs. On attaining his majority, he entered Parliament as Knight of the Shire for the County of Stafford, and, attracting the favourable regard of Mr. Pitt, was, in a few years after, appointed a Lord of the Treasury. He remained, however, a brief time only in the home service. With a mind of peculiar acuteness, manners the most pleasing, and great uprightness of purpose, Lord Granville Leveson Gower was peculiarly adapted to play a distinguished rôle in the diplomacy of Europe; and, at the critical epoch when Napoleon was exerting all his skill to gain over the Emperor Alexander, he became our Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. Here his endeavours proved of essential service to his country, and he remained for several years British Representative in the Russian capital.

He was subsequently accredited Envoy at the Hague; and eventually—on the accession of the Grey Administration—received the high and distinguished appointment of Ambassador at Paris: an appointment he did not finally resign until the extinction of the Melbourne Ministry. During his residence at the French Court, Lord Granville maintained, with great splendour, the characteristic hospitality of his country, and gained such universal esteem, that the news of his death seemed to cause as much regret in Paris as in London.

In 1815, he was created Viscount Granville, and in 1833, raised to the Earldom. He married, 24th Dec., 1809, Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire; and has left two sons and two daughters, *viz.*, Granville George, Lord Leveson (present Earl); Edward Frederick; Susan Georgiana, married to Lord Rivers; and Georgiana Charlotte, wife of Alexander George Fullerton, Esq., of Ballintoy Castle, County Antrim.

Lord Granville died on Wednesday, the 6th, after a long and painful illness.

GENERAL JOHN STUDHOLME HODGSON.

This distinguished officer, whose death is our painful duty this week to record, was son of Field-Marshal Studholme Hodgson, so well known as Commander of the expedition which took Belleisle from the French in 1761. His mother, Catherine, was sister of Sir George Howard, K.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and aunt of the late Earl of Effingham. Destined for the military service, he obtained, in 1779, his commission of Ensign, in the King's Own Regiment, his father's corps, and left Harrow School to join head-quarters in Canada. There he acted for some years under the auspices of Lord Dorchester, and was employed as Major of Brigade at the reduction of the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. On two occasions he was taken prisoner at sea: on his second capture, which was effected by a French privateer, he sank the colours of "the King's Own," to rescue them from the enemy's hands. He remained a prisoner until October, 1798, when he was exchanged.

In the following year he proceeded to Holland, in command of the 4th Regiment, and was present at the taking of the town and garrison of Hoorn, and in the actions of the 2nd and 6th of October. At Egmont of Sea, he received a dangerous wound, and never had the ball extracted. He was subsequently nominated Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas, and afterwards of Curaçoa, the government of which island he retained until its restoration to the Dutch. On his return home, he was presented with the Colony of the 3rd Garrison Battalion; in 1822, exchanged it for the command of the 83rd Foot. In 1835 was removed, by special command of William IV., to the distinguished regiment of which he died Colonel.

General Hodgson, who preserved to the end the buoyancy and energy which had characterized him through life, fell a victim at last to the ardour with which he continued to follow his favourite pursuit of shooting. He was married, and has left several children.

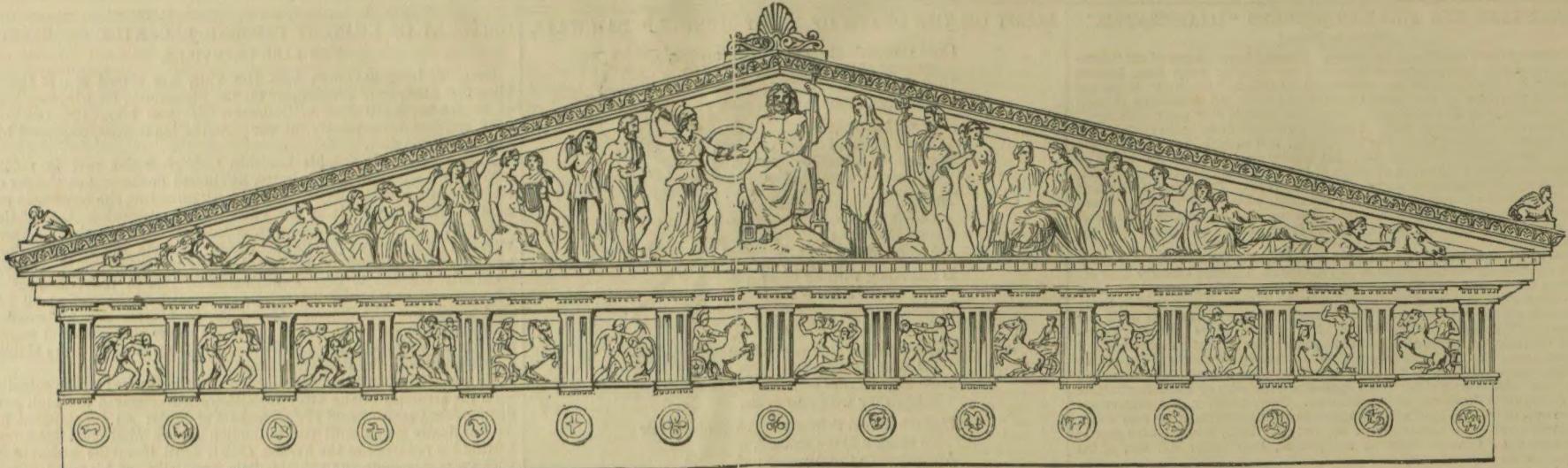
BRITISH MUSEUM.—RESTORATION OF THE PARTHENON.

Last week, we briefly announced the placing in the British Museum of a pair of Models—the Parthenon, as it appeared after the siege in 1687; and the Parthenon restored; by Mr. R. C. Lucas, the sculptor. As these Models promise to be the most popular additions lately made to the Museum, we have engraved one of them—the Temple in its dilapidated state; and enlarged illustrations of the pediments restored: together with the only figures now remaining in either of the pediments. By aid of a volume of able "Remarks," just published by Mr. Lucas, and embodying his studies and inquiries connected with the production of these Models, we shall be enabled to present to our readers a few notes on the history and description of this most perfect of temples.

The Sculpture of the Parthenon, popularly known as "the Elgin Marbles," has long been more or less appreciated by every visitor to the British Museum; and the interest of these treasures of Art, placed in a Saloon built for the purpose, a few years since, has just been perfected by the addition of the above Models; the completed building serving as a key to the matchless remains, which are so many of the original parts, and an important element of this restoration."

With the unrivalled excellence of the sculpture, the reading masses became familiarised, some years since, by means of their illustration in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." In the Report of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to examine these works, it is well observed that "if it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free Governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction; no country can be better adapted than our own to afford a suitable asylum to those monuments of the school of Phidias and of the administration of Pericles, where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive the admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve in return as models and examples to those who, by knowing how to

BRITISH MUSEUM.—RESTORATION OF THE PARTHENON.



EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON.

the nation. The internal appearance of the Temple was sublime; its external aspect, grand and imposing:

"As wandering slow, in dread Minerva's fane,
Charm'd with the beauties of the land and main,
The past return'd—the present seem'd to cease—
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece."

"This beautiful building remained in all its integrity for 600 years; for Plutarch, who lived A. D. 118, in the time of Hadrian, speaks of its sculpture as having then all the beauty of freshness; and, as the barbarous conqueror Alaric respected the majesty of the Parthenon, we have no reason to infer that it sustained any injury from the hand of man till the sixth century A. D., when the supposition is, that the central portion of the eastern pediment was removed by the Christians, either from iconoclastic zeal, or in order to let light into the interior, which they had converted into a church; and, of the sculpture then removed, not the least memorial exists."

Strange to say, this wonder of art was unnoticed in Europe for nearly 1500 years, or till the year 1675, when drawings were made by Carrey of its beautiful sculptures then remaining; and to these drawings alone can we look for any information of the composition of the western pediment, or the general magnificence of the sculpture; for, in 1687, the cella was used as a powder-magazine by the Turks, at the time of their city being besieged by the Venetians, by whom a shell was thrown on the roof; this burst through, and caused an explosion of the combustible materials within, demolishing a portion of the side walls, with six columns on one side, and seven on the other, with several of the metopes, and a portion of the frieze. The western front was likewise then injured by the fire of the besiegers, as well as by their removal of some of the finest sculptures from

the pediment, which, however, were broken to pieces. One of the Models shows the Temple as it appeared after this explosion.

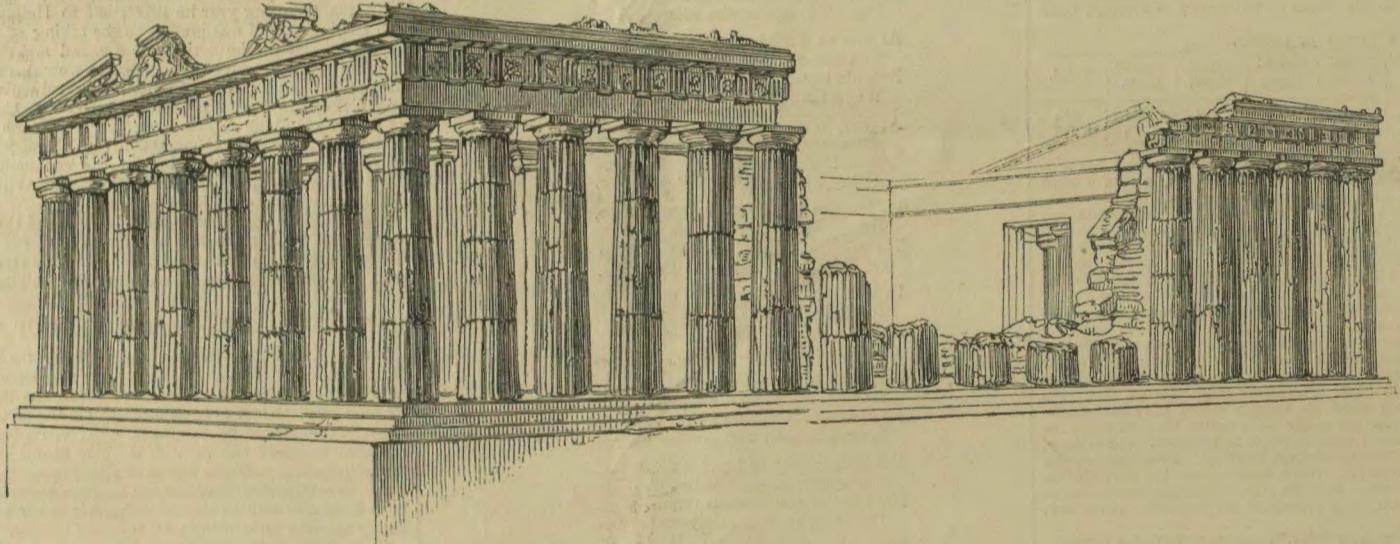
In this state of dilapidation, the Parthenon remained until visited by Stuart and Revett, (the English architects,) in 1751; who saw in the western pediment, the figure of Ilius and the torso of the group of Cecrops and Agraulus—all that were left of the twenty-two statues which Carrey had drawn about sixty years before. The eastern pediment was left comparatively perfect, wanting nothing but the great central portion removed by the Christians in the sixth century. On their return to England, Messrs. Stuart and Revett published a magnificent Work on Athens; this first gave to Europe a general knowledge of the sculptures of the Parthenon, which has been much increased by the researches of Col. Leake, Mr. Cockerell, and the Chevalier Bronsted.

The work of the dilapidation of the Parthenon was continued by the Turks till the visit of Lord Elgin, who removed the chief portion of the sculpture, now in the British Museum. It would otherwise have been destroyed by the Turks: "Still," says Mr. Lucas, "the removal of any sculpture would never have been contemplated by Lord Elgin, if the present period in the history of the Parthenon could have been foreseen, which is, that the Greeks, having achieved their independence, now use the edifice as a hall of science; and thus the Greeks of these later days, as did Alaric of old, revere the majesty of the Parthenon."

The only descriptive notice of the sculptural compositions left us by the ancients, is the scanty notice of Pausanias—that in the eastern pediment, the composition relates to the creation of Minerva; in the western pediment, to the contest of Minerva and Neptune for the territory of Attica. This notice, the drawings of Carrey, and the sculptures still remaining in the Museum, have been Mr. Lucas's main authorities in the restoration of

THE WESTERN PEDIMENT.

In the centre stood the figures of Minerva and Neptune, in grand contrasted action. This is from the remark of Pausanias; but Carrey's drawing shows it to be the victory of Minerva rather than the actual contest. To the right of the Goddess was a chariot drawn by two horses, and held in by a draped female figure. At the side of the car stood a male figure, Erectheus, of which the torso, No. 100, in the Elgin Room, is the only remnant. Then, a group of three personages: the Goddess Demeter, draped and seated, and Persephone, draped and standing; the boy Bacchus between them. Beyond these are the majestic reclining torsos of Vulcan and Venus, or Hercules and Hebe, or Cecrops and Agraulus, of which casts have recently been sent to the British Museum from Athens. Next, in the extreme angle of the pediment, is the graceful figure of Ilius; in the space between which and the group of Vulcan and Venus must have been some other figure, not in Carrey's drawing. In the opposite portion of the pediment, on the other side of the central group, is first a draped female figure in rapid action, to which, probably, belonged the magnificent cast lately placed in the Museum; between which figure and Neptune we must supply, as Welcker has shown, a car of hippocampi. Next to this female figure is Amphitrite, reining in the hippocampi, corresponding with the female figure on the car of Minerva. Next to her is a seated female figure, draped, (the torso in the Elgin Room, No. 106,) with two naked children, known either as Latona and her children, Apollo and Diana; or, as Leucothea, Melicerta, and Eros. Then, Aphrodite, seated on the lap of her mother Dione; and next is Pitho, crowning the former. Beyond these is a space, whence the sculpture has been removed. Then, a male figure, kneeling; and, in the angle of the pediment, a female figure, kneeling.



THE PARTHENON AFTER THE SIEGE, IN 1687.

ment, Calirhoe, as a female reclining figure, balancing the Ilius in the opposite angle, and thus allegorizing the two streams of Greece. Mr. Lucas refers to the conviction of consummate skill and daring on the part of Phidias, left on our minds by this pediment: all is bold, free, and untrammeled; and in the groups forming one entire composition, we perceive the great principle in the design of Phidias—namely, variety and contrast in unity. Though within the rules of pedimental composition, the idea of rule is lost in the perfectness of the result. The dissimilar size of the figures gives to the central group the importance of divinity; and the propriety of the treatment is evident, whether as an embellishment of sculpture, or as an architectural enrichment. The only parts of this pediment that have escaped destruction are the chest and back of Neptune, in the Elgin Room, No. 103; the torso of the god Erectheus, a fragment of the breast and face of Minerva, the graceful figure of Ilius, part of the group of Latona, and a fragment of the hippocampi. These are preserved in the Museum, as memorials rich in themselves, and also valuable as historical records; and their aid to Mr. Lucas's restoration is most artistically appreciated by him.

We are compelled, by our limits, to omit the meaning of the myth; and pass on to

THE EASTERN PEDIMENT.

Here Mr. Lucas adopts the opinion of Flaxman, that the composition represents Minerva introduced to the gods on Olympus; a view also taken by Mr. Cockerell, who has demonstrated that the fragment on the floor of the Elgin Room was the base of the statue of Minerva—a judgment in which Mr. Welcker entirely coincides. These fragments, now in the Museum, though in themselves the most important, and of all the remains of ancient art, the most justly celebrated, constitute but a small portion of the entire sculpture of the eastern pediment. They consist of seven distinct subjects—three groups, three distinct figures, and one part of the group of the Car of Night. In the south angle of the pediment are Hyperion and the Horses of the Day rising out of the sea, who seem to neigh with impatience

—a fragment of great breadth and power. Next is the figure variously known as Theseus, Hercules, Cephalus, or Cecrops—reclining in dignified repose; "above all other statues," says Mr. Lucas, "the most noble type of man." The next group is differently interpreted; Visconti considering it as Ceres and her daughter Proserpine; and Col. Leake, as the Attic Thallo and the Horae; the intention of Phidias in the treatment is, however, plain—the upraised arm of the mother is evidently directing the attention of the daughter to the event in the centre of the composition; the group is full of grandeur and beauty; and admirably adapted to its situation in the pediment.

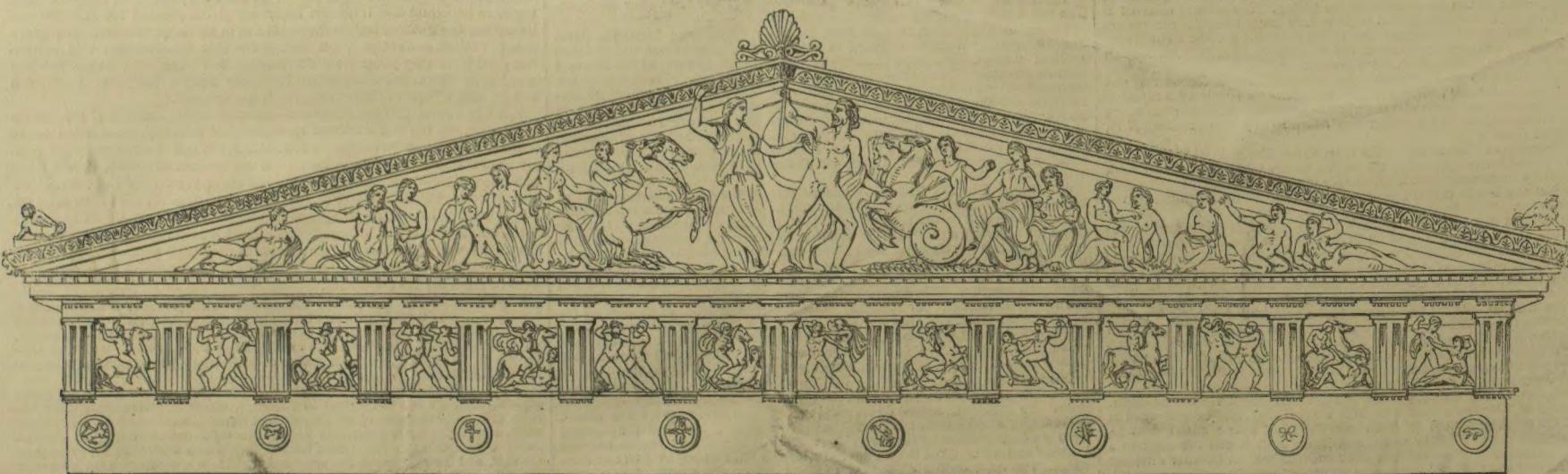
The next figure, Iris, or the messenger, Mr. Lucas considers as marking the space assigned by Phidias for the superior Divinities, as the corresponding space on the opposite side was filled by the figure of Victory; equally separating the ends of the pediment from the central composition, believed to have been composed of the grand assemblage of Divinities worshipped in Attica, and removed in the early times, from being so peculiarly obnoxious as records of an idolatrous worship. The next figure of Victory, not being equally obnoxious, was allowed to remain; and was followed by the splendid group of the Fates, which interpretation Mr. Lucas adopts in preference to those which regard these figures as the Hours, and as the Graces. Next was placed the figure of Selene, or Night; and to her car was, as an appendage, the magnificent horse's head in the Museum. "Of all this sculpture," says Mr. Lucas, "undeviating excellence is the marked characteristic; the only monument of human skill that is above human criticism or praise."

Thus, from the remaining fragments, from Carrey's drawings, and by supplying the blanks upon inference, warranted by their artistic propriety, has Mr. Lucas reconstructed the compositions of the two pediments. He has drawn from them, too, the important lesson of suiting the size and projection of the figures to their places in the pediments; whereas, says Mr. Lucas, "I have the highest authority for stating that not one modern pediment has been constructed in accordance

with the rules which this pediment of Phidias prescribes to us; and as to the sufficiency of this example as a rule, we have the united testimony of all authorities on the subject, that this pedimental construction contained the result of seven hundred years' experience,—and that used by the discretion of Phidias." This is "a great fact" for the sculptors of our day.

By rules equally scrupulous and acute as Mr. Lucas proceeded in perfecting the frieze on the outer wall of the cella, from existing remains; supplying the missing metopes from coins and vases; and the replacement of the shields from similar authorities; whilst the double row of interior columns is restored, and the Goddess replaced in her shrine, as seen on coins and gems. The polychromatic decoration of the interior is omitted. The frieze of the Parthenon—a procession in honour of Minerva—as a connected subject, was the largest and most beautiful ever executed: it was 524 feet in length: of the original, the British Museum possesses 294 feet, and casts of about 128 feet; the only part remaining on the building is that above the western vestibule; but, from these sources, and Carrey's drawing, the entire work may be understood.

Mr. Lucas adds:—"All the sculpture in the Museum from the Parthenon is of course included in this model, and also the drawings of Carrey; while the investigations of Brondsted, Cockerell, and Col. Leake will be aided by the elaborate drawings by De La Borde, who has spent the last year in investigating and preparing for publication the metopes now remaining on the Parthenon. To this must be added the recent arrival of the valuable casts, including all the architectural members, the noble group of Hercules and Hebe, and also the parts of twelve additional slabs of the frieze. We may, therefore, rest satisfied that every part of the Parthenon, as it now is, can have no more light thrown on it. The case is different as regards the parts lost by the explosion, as in the number of the French Archaeological Journal, published in May, 1845, a notice and two engravings are given of a head, stated to have been that of the Victory in the western pediment, brought to Venice by an officer who served under Morosini.



WESTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON.





HERCULES AND HEBE.—FROM THE PARTHENON.

It ornamented some garden edifice for the last century, and it is now an object of competition to obtain the same for the various Museums in Europe."

We have engraved the Hercules and Hebe, of which figures casts have been just placed in the Elgin Saloon. These are the only figures now remaining in either of the pediments of the Parthenon; they belong to the western pediment, where (according to some) they formed the group placed next to the reclining figure of Ilyssus, which occupied the extreme angle.

At the time Lord Elgin removed the other figures, these were in considerably better condition than at present; both heads have since perished; the reason they were allowed to remain was that the upper portion was supposed to be a Roman restoration: the group is, certainly, formed of two blocks of marble, the union of which may be distinctly traced in the drawing; but the same grandeur of style is perceptible in the one part as in the other, placing the authenticity of the work beyond all doubt.

The head of Victory, mentioned as above, in Mr. Lucas's work, was engraved in a late No. of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: a cast of the same has been presented to the British Museum by Count de la Borda.

The size of M. Lucas's models is about 12ft. by 6ft., respectively.

RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, TAUNTON.

The olden glory of ancient Taunton, "one of the eyes of the county" of Somerset, is the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, among the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the west of England. It stands nearly in the centre of the town, at the end of Hammet-street, opposite a fine open parade; from which its splendid tower is seen to good effect, and is universally admired.

The circumstances of the history of this fine church, and the exact date of its erection, have not been precisely ascertained. Neither Dugdale, Tanner, Camden, nor Gough take any notice of the first erection of St. Mary's; "and it is rather singular," says Mr. Britton, in his *Architectural Antiquities*, "that neither Drs. Toumin, Collier, nor Savage, could obtain any document relative to the age of the tower; neither does Leland, or Camden, or Gough, furnish us with anything even like a hint to lead us to a discovery;" although the tower is the most magnificent feature of this fine ecclesiastical edifice. It is, however, believed that a church must have existed on the same site long prior to the Norman Conquest. Taunton, from its contiguity to the Abbey at Glastonbury, would, no doubt, soon partake of its Christian benefits; and we know that Taunton was a town of no small importance in the 7th century; for here was a castle, the residence of a Christian King, who held here a great council, composed of the Bishops, Clergy, Nobles, and Commons of his kingdom. Again, the flint and rubble foundations upon which the present church stands, evidently belong to a former edifice, a Saxon church, which, by repeated alterations, was changed into the Norman style and character. The oldest part of these remains lies beneath the piers of the north and south transepts: the columns supporting the chancel-arch, and the plain square abacus, like those we often see crowning the Anglo-Saxon pier, from which springs the semi-circular arch: these are the only remains, both of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman structures—the first erected before the end of the 7th century, and, it is believed, changed into the latter style some time in the 11th. The next portion of the church, in point of antiquity, is of the 13th century, in the early English style; but the greater part of the building is of the florid, or perpendicular style, which was not introduced until about 1375. The tower is the best specimen of this style, and corresponds with that of St. Michael's, Coventry; Merton College Chapel, Oxford, and with some of

the windows in the tower of Fotheringhay Church, Northamptonshire, whose date is 1434. Another fine feature of the design is the south porch, which is of very elegant and elaborate construction: in the front are niches for statuary; the ceiling is groined with fan tracery, and a small chamber, (*parvise*), is constructed over it: it is crowned with a perforated parapet, and on the angles are crocketed pinnacles. This beautiful porch is shown in our Engraving, (a south-west view,) as is, also, the lofty and richly-dight tower, which must have taken many years to complete: "it is clear, however, that the original design was never departed from, the same order prevailing through the whole. Its being built in the perpendicular style is a proof that its erection was commenced after the introduction of that style, and was finished before it began to degenerate into the debased English. The tower is the best specimen of the florid, or perpendicular, and was built when this style was in its greatest perfection." The plan of the church is very large; and one peculiar feature in its construction is, that it has a nave and four aisles; "there are but a few of a similar arrangement in this country, and we are only able to mention two—those of Kendal, in Westmoreland; and St. Michael's, in Coventry."

Warton, in his notes to Spenser's "Fairy Queen," vol. ii., p. 259, thus refers to the fine church at Taunton: "Most of the churches in Somersetshire, (which are remarkably elegant,) are in the style of the *Florid Gothic*. The reason is this: Somersetshire, in the civil wars between York and Lancaster, was strongly and entirely attached to the Lancastrian party. In reward for this service, Henry VII., when he came to the Crown, rebuilt their churches. The tower of Gloucester Cathedral, and the towers of Taunton and Glastonbury, and of a parochial church, (St. Cuthbert's,) at Wells, are conspicuous examples of that fashion. Most of the churches of this reign are known, besides other distinctions, by latticed battlements and broad open windows."

It would scarcely be credited that so splendid a specimen of the piety and skill of our forefathers as St. Mary's, at Taunton, should have been suffered to fall into decay; especially when the architecture of our own time fails to produce any work to be placed in comparison with this superb pile. Yet, on the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Cottle to the vicarage, in 1840, he found this church, from age and neglect, to be in a most dangerous and dilapidated condition: "it was quite evident that unless something should be speedily done, divine service could not be conducted in it with safety to the congregation." Several attempts had been made to repair the edifice, but in vain; yet, nothing discouraged, the worthy Vicar commenced the great work by getting the parish to do as much as possible, and undertaking the rest on his own responsibility; "trusting to the Great Head of the Church for His blessing and assistance to enable him to carry out such plans as would best advance the welfare of his parishioners, and most redound to His glory."

We may here briefly describe the interior of the church: it consists of a chancel, nave, four aisles, and two small chantries; the extreme length from the screen to the altar being 146ft. 7in.; and the total width, from north wall to south, 85ft. 9in. We have not room to detail the work of restoration; but, seeing that the windows, walls, and roofs were in a dangerous condition, and the floor insecure, the cost must have been great: there were even drainage and foundations to be provided; besides every description of repair, substantial as well as ornamental. Among the new fittings is some well-executed carving in oak, as the nave-screen; open seats, with stall-ends and poppy heads, in the nave, aisles, and transepts; stalls in the chancel, separated from the aisles by light and elegant screens; a decorated pulpit; enriched stone font and altar-screen; and the large eastern window filled with stained glass, by Wallis, of Newcastle. The whole of the windows were once so decorated, realising the thought so beautifully expressed by Faber:—

"I saw the sunbeams steal
Through painted glass at even-song, and weave
Their threefold tints upon the marble near
Faith, prayer, and love."

It is not, however, within our compass to detail this now beautiful interior; with its elaborately decorated roof, its sculptural enrichments, &c.



CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, TAUNTON.

The whole of the expense connected with this undertaking is likely to exceed £7000, upwards of £4000 of which had to be provided on the responsibility of the Vicar alone. This sum is much larger than was at first contemplated; and we regret to learn that there is still a large deficiency to be provided for. "I hope, however," says the worthy Vicar, "that my friends, and those of the Church, will not be weary in well doing, but they will aid, by their exertions and contributions, the advancement of that day—which will be the happiest one of my life—when the church of St. Mary Magdalene shall be completely finished, and the church account balanced." We trust this consummation is not far distant.

In aid of the Restoration Fund, the Rev. Dr. Cottle has published a very handsome volume of *Brief Notices of the History and Restoration of St. Mary's*. It is carefully drawn up, and beautifully printed, and embellished: one of its Illustrations we have transferred to our columns.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE WINFARTHING OAK.

This gigantic relic of the sylvan glories of the "olden time," stands on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle, about four miles from his seat at Quiddenham Hall, Winfarthing, near Diss, Norfolk; in the midst of what was formerly "Winfarthing Great Park," anciently a Royal demesne, belonging to the adjacent Palace of Kenningham Place, from whence Mary, of unhappy memory, was called to the throne in 1553. It is conjectured that this tree must have been in existence before the Christian Era; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that, notwithstanding the obvious ravages of time upon its massive trunk, yet no perceptible alteration has taken place within the last sixty years. The oak was, in 1820, 70 feet in circumference at the extremity of the roots; in the middle, 40 feet. The trunk is completely hollow, the "heart" being entirely decayed; and the inside presenting a singular appearance, resembling the old rugged masonry befitting a Druidical temple. It is fitted up inside with seats, a table, &c. Over the doorway entrance is placed, by the late Mr. Doggett, many years the



THE WINFARTHING OAK.

respected tenant of the surrounding farm, a brass plate with an inscription, soliciting from visitors to the "Oak," donations for the Bible Society.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PLATE.

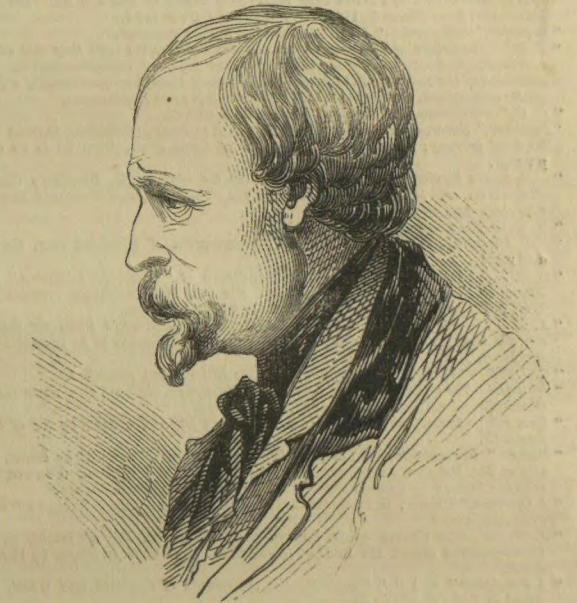
"Ye who this venerable Oak survey,
Which still survives, through many a stormy day,
Deposit here your mite with willing hands,
To spread in foreign climes, through foreign lands,
The Sacred Volume, so divinely given,
Whose pages teach the narrow way to Heaven."—DOGGETT.

"O, send out Thy light and Thy truth."—KING DAVID.

"May every subject in my dominions
Possess a Bible, and be able to read it."—KING GEORGE III.

CHARLET.

The death of a great artist is a loss to the world at large, for art disclaims the narrow distinctions of race and country. Such a loss the world has just sustained in the death of Charlet, one of the most popular names in the history of modern painting. The subjects in which he delighted, the style he created, and the form in which the bulk of his works were published, all tended to gain him that popularity. He was in art what Beranger is in poetry; he appealed to the most homely and cherished feelings of the mass of the people with inimitable spirit and



THE LATE M. CHARLET.

fidelity. Some of Beranger's finest songs touch those chords in the hearts of the French people that will never cease to vibrate with the memory of Napoleon, his military triumphs, and the share the people had in them. So with Charlet; his sketches of military life in all its varieties are truth itself; his "Grenadier of the 'Old Guard,'" the *vieux grognard* of Napoleon, is a type, a perfect creation; in every vicissitude of war, in all the inactivity of the garrison, there he is, brave when the occasion calls him, but ever and always grumbling. Charlet was the modern Callot, and his works will hereafter rank even above those of that celebrated engraver, for he possessed a finer spirit of observation, and his style is more graceful, with greater simplicity and breadth. In his countless sketches of the warlike period between the rise and fall of Napoleon, the era lives again; Imperial reviews, marches, encampments, bivouacs, skirmishes, ambuscades, battles themselves; all are there; every variety of military life he has drawn; every kind of uniform and rank, from the Marshal to the drum-major and the corporal; and not their exterior and material form only; their spirit, the life in which they moved and breathed, he caught and fixed with a truthfulness never to be mistaken. Next to the "Grenadier of the Guard," his favourite subject was the "Conscript," new to the ranks and to the tricks and vices of the life thereof, in which his simplicity sorely suffers, till by time and experience made as wise and wicked as the rest. In the scenes in which the Conscript plays a part, Charlet had full scope for his fine vein of humour, and he did not fail to improve it. But he by no means confined his pencil to military subjects. He was the painter of the people; and 'no rank, and scarcely a calling, escaped his keen eye. The workman, the denizen of the Faubourg, the *gamin* of Paris, market-women, the *concierge*, even the thief—all may be found in the sketches he poured forth with exhaustless fertility. But his talent had also its graceful side, frequently exhibited in his drawings of children, in which he touches off their little quarrels, their sports, and their school sufferings, to the life. Even here his popular predilections are visible; the children of the people, not of the rich or the *bourgeoisie*, were his preference; but his favourite was the child of the regiment. The graces of wealth or rank never purchased his

Charlet was of obscure parentage; and early in life was placed in a subordinate department of the office of a provincial municipality. One of his duties was to sign the documents of invalided and wounded soldiers; their characteristic figures and faces struck him, and he was in the habit of sketching them in pen and ink, and that with a truth to life and expression, that constituted him a great artist, without his being aware of it.

They were at last seen by some one who could appreciate them in consequence Charlet quitted his employment, and devoted himself wholly to the profession in which he attained such eminence. At this time, lithography was beginning to be practised in France, and to Charlet art is indebted for developing its capability of producing effect. The bulk of Charlet's sketches were published in lithography, many of them with a phrase or scrap of dialogue, illustrated by the figures. Some of these phrases have almost passed into proverbs. The number of his drawings so published amount at least to twelve hundred. For some time Charlet studied under Gros, the painter, and, at a later period of his life began painting in oil; but his pictures in this style are rare compared with his sketches. Those who remember his painting of the "Retreat from Moscow," exhibited some years since, and have visited his atelier, rich with magnificent sketches, will regret that he did not more frequently engage in works of this higher style. Considering the large number of his lithographic sketches, his paintings, his designs and water-colour drawings, his industry and application must have been immense. His personal appearance was thus described some years ago:—"His physiognomy is every where angular; it is a collection of lines of bronze, drawn hard and straight from the bald, square brow, to the point of the grey beard, cut to a sharp angle also. I should not forget the long black great coat, buttoned over a slender figure, from the sleeve of which appeared one of the driest, thinnest, and longest hands that has ever issued from a garment since that of Paganini." His habits were rather those of the old campaigner than of the student; his favourite place of resort was the cabaret, where he could meet and study those classes of the people he loved to draw. Here the short pipe and the bottle of *vin ordinaire* were his recreation and solace after his labours, and he would converse with some old soldier of his battles, catching every expression of the war-worn countenance. It is said that many of this class associated with him for years, quite unconscious that their friend was the great artist who was delighting Paris with the graphic sketches so collected. In fact, from frequent contact with, and constant study of military habits and bearing, he had acquired them himself to a remarkable extent. He was often mistaken for a retired officer of the Guards, though he never had been in the army at all. At the period of his death he was fifty-three years of age. Jules Janin has devoted an entire *feuilleton* of the *Debats* to a dissertation on the artist and his works. A complete collection of them it would now be almost impossible to make; but the house of Gibaut, brothers, is about to publish a selection of his best sketches, to the number of seven or eight hundred, to appear in eight volumes.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, 18.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.

MONDAY, 19.—Copernicus born, 1473.

TUESDAY, 20.—Fabian. St. Fabian was the nineteenth Bishop of Rome; he was chosen to that office in the year 241, and, after being Bishop thirteen years, suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution.

WEDNESDAY, 21.—St. Decius martyred, A.D. 306—New South Wales colonised, 1788—Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793.

THURSDAY, 22.—Lord Byron born, 1788.

FRIDAY, 23.—Pitt died, 1806—Duke of Kent died, 1820.

SATURDAY, 24.—Fox born, 1794.

HIGH WATER at London-bridge for the Week ending January 24.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
5 56	6 15	6 34	6 58	7 19	7 46
8	16	16	16	8 55	9 33
10	12	10	12	10 53	11 34

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MILITIA.—“W. T. H.” Liskeard; “H. T.” Framlingham; “A. S.” Newcastle; “A Schoolmaster,” Maidstone; “Veritas” and “A. F.” are severely referred to the second page of our present Number.

“A News-Agent,” Sydenham.—The height of the Shakspeare Cliff, near Dover, is about 350 feet.

“X. O. X.” Rockport.—We cannot speak as to the professional skill of the parties named.

“G.”—The term “We” is employed only by the Sovereign in certain State documents, as grants, &c.

“R. N., a Regular Subscriber.”—The last woman executed in the Old Bailey, prior to Martha Browning, was Elizabeth Cooke, on the 9th of January, 1832, for “Burking.”

“E. L.” Portsea.—The poem referred to has not appeared in our Journal.

“W. M.” Exeter.—The Cameo, or Camæcium, of modern jewellery is a stratified onyx, of different coloured laminae, the strata being made available in the engraving of variegated figures.

“J. D.” Cardiff.—All back Numbers of our Journal may be had, by order, of any bookseller or news-agent; the price of binding each Volume is £5.

“P. L.”—The Title-page and Index to Vol. VII. were given last week, with an original History of the Corn-Laws.

“L. L.” Cheltenham.—Bourn's new “Principles and Practice of Engineering” is a sound work; price, 16s.

“Sam Snap.”—The pair of beautiful Engravings of “Mignon” appeared in No. 135 of our Journal.

“A Subscriber,” Liverpool.—A person who has served his time in the City of London would not, by the old law, have been, on that account, exempt from serving in the City Militia.

“S. H.” Mr. Weale has just published a Handbook of Mapping, Engineering, &c.: price, 18s.

“A Member of the Artillery Company” is thanked for his suggestion. Will our Correspondent favour us with Sketches?

“N. E.” Dublin.—Music declined, with thanks.

“L. N.” Dublin.—An important work on the Scottish Clans is on the eve of publication by Messrs. Ackermann and Co., Strand.

“T. V. C.” Newark.—Lubitsky was never in this country.

“A. G.” Hants.—The song has merit, but is not adapted for our columns. The ages of Macready and Farren were incorrectly stated in our last No. The tragedian was born March 3, 1793; Mr. William Farren is 56.

“Inquirer,” Stamford.—“Fawn” is plural as well as singular.

“U. S.”—The salary of letter-carriers in country towns is but low; they are rarely required to find securities, good character being sufficient recommendation. The extension of the business of the Money Order Office, though unquestionably a great public convenience, entails much additional trouble upon postmasters.

“D. C.” Gillingham.—A hogshead of cider is 54 gallons.

“Inquirer,” Dover.—The distance from England to India, (Calcutta), is from 48 to 50 days' journey; by sea, round the Cape of Good Hope, from 70 to 90 days' passage.

“A Constant Reader,” Clifford's Inn lies in the rear of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, and leads into Fetter-lane on the right-hand, and Sergeants' Inn and Chancery-lane on the left.

“H. B.”—The name of the office, London.

“F.” Ayrshire.—Johnson and Ash give the derivation of Mermaid mer, the sea and maid.

“M. C. T.” Glasgow.—The price of the translation of “Humboldt's Kosmos,” published by Balliere, Regent-street, is 10s. The late Mr. Beckford's wealth lay in West India estates. See reply (Cameos) to “W. M.” above.

“A. M. P.”—At the third and last of the Horticultural Society's Fêtes for the season, the Duke of Devonshire very liberally causes his grounds to be opened to the company.

“C. J. N.”—Foster's Book-keeping by Double Entry, just published.

“John B.”—The trains on the London and Birmingham Railway run down the inclined plane from Camden-town to Euston-square.

“Henry Wyndham.”—The Art-Union is a Picture Lottery, licensed by Act of Parliament.

“Sazula” has examined “The Last Ripening Sunbeam,” painted by Lance, and sold at Mr. Beckford's sale, and, with only a few slight variations, it corresponds with the Picture by Lance, engraved in our Journal a few months since.

“A Cestrian,” Chester, is recommended to consult Lieut. Eardley Wilmot's “Hints to Midshipmen.”

“J. W. B.”—The Church of St. Laurence, near Ventnor, Isle of Wight, is, our Correspondent thinks, the smallest in England; it is 20ft. in length by 12ft. in width.

“A Foreigner” and “J. Ranger.”—See the Census of England and Wales, published in Vol. IV. of our Journal.

“A Subscriber.”—The Office of the Distressed Needlewomen's Society is in Rathbone-place.

“J. G. C.”—Next week.

“A Subscriber.”—Cambridge's Thrashing Machine may be purchased of Messrs. Barrett and Co., Reading.

“Thermos.”—Apply to Messrs. Watkins and Hill, Charing-cross.

“A Martyr to Lotteries.”—We do not know anything of the lottery scheme in question.

“J. W. S. P.” Glasgow.—Lord John Russell was never Premier.

“Lines by E. C.”—We have not room.

“Henry H. M.”—Apply to Mr. Landells, Engraver, 6, Bride-court, Blackfriars.

“A Constant Reader,” St. John's-wood.—The average price of wheat is always published in The Gazette.

VISCOUNT CANNING has resigned the office of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and we are enabled to confirm the rumour that he will be succeeded in that office by the Hon. G. A. F. Smythe, the Member for Canterbury. The acceptance of this appointment of course vacates the seat, so that there must be a new election for that city. We believe that Viscount Canning will succeed Lord Howard de Walden as Ambassador at Lisbon. It is stated, on good authority, that Lord Cathcart will succeed Lord Metcalfe as Governor of Canada,—the civil and military authority being thus placed in the same hands.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1846.

WHEN the Kings of Europe were trembling on their thrones before the power of Napoleon, who, however, was then drawing towards the decline of his greatness—when they were making together a “holy alliance” against the progress of free opinions—they still, though most reluctant, found it necessary to gain the support of the people. In the hour of danger, Monarchs find how weak they really are without the attachment of those they rule, and never was that weakness more keenly felt than by the King of Prussia in the last years of the great continental struggle. His armies had been scattered like dust, though trained in all the discipline of the Great Frederick, for a greater than Frederick had come against them; his capital had been taken, his country seized, he himself personally

humiliated. In the midst of such difficulties, where could he turn for support? The drilled machine, the army, had done its utmost, and been defeated; the only resource left was to arouse the spirit of a people, and enlist the fervour of a whole nation on the side of Monarchy. The insolence of the conquerors and the national antipathy of the Germans to the French had done much to dispose the popular mind for an outbreak, but something more was still wanted. The Crown was lying in the dust, but the experience of the past exercise of its power was not precisely such as to make a people enthusiastic in its rescue; so Royalty made a bargain with the nation, the conditions of which were these—the people were to reconquer the Crown for the King, and the King was to reward the effort by granting a Constitution. It was a direct, formal, and solemn promise, and was accepted on the faith of a Royal word. The nation rose on the invader, others took courage from the general display of enthusiasm, France was exhausted and weary of a war that had drained her of her sons for a whole generation, Germany was exasperated and determined on revenge, and thus Napoleon fell. The King of Prussia breathed once more, ascended his throne, and forgot all the promises he had made to the people in the day of adversity. This breach of faith has continued to rankle in the public mind of Prussia from that day to the present time. The promise was made in 1813; in the year 1846 it remains still unredeemed.

The engagement was made by the late King: on the accession of his present Majesty great hopes were entertained, from his supposed liberal tendencies, that he would carry it into effect; but, as time has worn on, the prospect of his so doing has become more remote than ever; the Diet of the Rhenish Provinces has ventured to petition the Crown for performance of its promise in this particular, and for other changes and reforms which are thought necessary. This request has elicited a reply from the King, which is one of the most extraordinary documents ever issued by the head of a State. The form in which it has appeared in the English journals being a mere abstract of the original, gives the pith and meaning of the answers to the several requisitions, and they therefore have an air of abruptness and rude denial, which we are bound to say the document itself does not possess. There the refusals are conveyed in a mass of verbiage, are wrapped up in long and intricate circumlocutions, which render them anything but curt and abrupt. But, in substance, they amount to the same thing; every request is refused without exception, though some of them are so moderate and so plainly advisable as regulations of common utility, that it is almost impossible to conceive any Government possessed of reasoning powers which would not hasten to establish them, even were they not asked for—much more when by doing so it might gain great popularity by the concession. But it seems a principle with all continental Governments that the people must be treated like children who do not know what their own interest is; that all they ask for must be mischievous; or, if not mischievous, even if evidently a wise and politic thing to be done, yet the mere fact of the people having requested it, turns it into an evil, and, as a matter of course, it must be refused. The irritation that such a policy, or rather impolicy, must cause, when continually repeated, cannot be described. That discontent is hastening a crisis in Germany, and this State document will not do much to retard it. One great desire of the German people is for publicity of municipal, legal, and legislative proceedings; but the rulers shrink with terror from granting it, as the invalid, in his close chamber, trembles at the admission of every breath of wholesome air. In every case the prayer is refused; the people of a town must not be admitted to the discussions of their Council—the Courts of Law enquire and decide in secret, and the debates of the Diet—poor and meagre as they are, and confined to the measures submitted to it by the Crown—must not be openly conducted. Some remote prospect is held out, however (and this is the only point to which the fatal formula of refusal is not applied), that these debates may hereafter be published; but how? What would our Leviathans of the daily press, who by daybreak publish in full all the debates of both Houses, though prolonged far beyond midnight, say to such a regulation as the following? The reporters are all to be sworn, their pencils are to act under oath; next, a member of the Diet is to be appointed to supervise what they write; as both reporters and censor will be the servants of the State, it may be imagined what treatment the speeches of the “Opposition” will receive. Through this machinery the debates will be given to the journals, and there is a prohibition pronounced against the documents so furnished being used by any parties except the conductors of those journals—already under a strict censorship with respect to all they write! Thus the plan adopted in England is exactly reversed. Here the reporters are under no control save that of their respective establishments; the competition of the journals with each other ensures a strict fidelity; and neither Minister nor Opposition Leader, however keen his attack, and however much opposed to him a particular paper may be, ever has any cause of complaint. The practice, which is common enough in France, of garbling the speech of a political opponent, is here wholly unknown; and, as far as fidelity is concerned, it is immaterial what party journal the debates are read from. Such will never be the case where the writers are the sworn servants of the Crown, subjected to a supervision they cannot control. It is not such publicity as this the Germans want. They wish for the reality, and are put off with a sham. They want the truth, and are presented with falsehood. This is not wisdom, but cunning. Not so are states now to be governed; the new regulation will be a constant source of ill-will and heart-burning. The Opposition deputy, with his eloquence suppressed—the Free-Trade member, with his harangue deprived of all significance, and reduced to rapidity by the pen of a Government censor—will always complain, and feed continually that suspicion and distrust already so prevalent. Far better to have wholly refused this demand, as well as all the rest than have granted it in such a manner.

DEATH OF MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.—This popular writer expired on Monday, at her residence in Woburn-place, leaving a family and a numerous circle of friends to lament her loss. Mrs. Wilson was the authoress of several very clever poems. In 1837, she gained the prize offered by the Melodists' Club for the words of a song, although there were upwards of two hundred candidates. She also was awarded the prize for a poem on the Princess Victoria (now our Most Gracious Queen), at the Cardiff Bardic Festival in 1834; and she also wrote the words in the third volume of Mr. Parry's “Welsh Melodies.”

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. ISAAC COHEN.—The sudden death of Mr. Isaac Cohen, the brother of Mrs. Rothschild, long a leading and highly-respectable member of the Stock Exchange, has produced a considerable sensation amongst the elder class of his associates, and universal regret amongst the Hebrews. Mr. Cohen is supposed to have died worth about half a million sterling, and, for many years past, he made it a rule to distribute 25 per cent. of his current annual expenditure in unostentatious charity. Mr. Cohen had also often rendered himself conspicuous for assisting unfortunate members of the Stock Exchange, when their conduct merited such support; and many individuals owe their success in life to the interest he took in their welfare. Mr. Cohen sat down to dinner with his family on Saturday, in apparent good health, when he was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and survived only a few hours.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD METCALFE.—We regret to learn that the noble Lord is not improving in health, and what is more distressing to his friends, there is not the slightest hope that he will recover from the inroads his disorder has already made, and daily progressing, in defiance of the most eminent medical skill. There was a consultation a few days since between Sir Benjamin Brodie, Mr. Martin, and several physicians. Although troubled by the greatest pain, the noble Lord possesses a surprising flow of spirits. An address was on Thursday voted to the noble Lord by meeting of merchants and other gentlemen, held at the rooms of the North American Association, Leadenhall-street.

ST. BENET'S FINN CHURCH.—On Thursday the sale by auction of the interior fittings and decorations of this church took place, according to public announcement, “on the premises.” The altar-piece, which was in a handsome bold style, and includes two oil-paintings, was sold for fifty guineas, and the carved oak pulpit realised fifteen. The greatest competition was for the carved oak poor-box. This box is small, and intrinsically worth nothing, but as a duc (1683) was discovered wrought in the lock, it acquired a supposititious value, and was bought at four guineas. One of the pews, having a carved oak screen, was sold for £4 6s. This church, which will soon be levelled to improve the approaches to the Royal Exchange, is of ancient foundation, and, although latterly only a curacy, was formerly a rectory, John de Braken-tree, having been rector in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The old church being destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, the present edifice was built by Sir Christopher Wren in its stead, in 1673.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

PORtUGAL.—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH ON OPENING THE CORTES.—We have advices from Lisbon to the 2nd instant. On that day the Annual Session of the Cortes was opened by Donna Maria with the following Speech from the Throne:—

“Noble Peers of the Realm—Gentlemen Deputies of the Portuguese Nation—

“I again behold with great pleasure the representatives of the nation assembled in this place.

“In the interval which has occurred since the last session no grave event has disturbed peace and public order—they continue unchanged.

“Our relations with foreign Powers are preserved in perfect harmony, corresponding to the care with which I have endeavoured to draw closer the ties of friendship, and to promote the development of our mutual commercial interests.

“The dispositions of the treaty of commerce and navigation which was lately celebrated with Prussia have been extended in those points which were applicable to the greater part of the states constituting the Germanic League of Customs.

“A consular convention has been concluded with Spain for the

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

ANOTHER MURDER AT JERSEY.

Another dreadful murder was perpetrated at Seward's *café*, Royal-square, Jersey, on Friday morning (last week), at a quarter past two. The victim of this fearful deed is Mr. Abraham, optician, known for many years in the Channel Islands, which he visited occasionally. In the course of Thursday night Mr. Nicolle, hatter, of King-street, visited Mr. Seward's *café*, and shortly after a dispute arose between them respecting two bottles of wine, charged to Mr. N., but which he refused to pay, using very high language towards Mr. Seward, and challenged to fight him then in the square; but Mr. Seward returned and joined the company in-doors, which consisted of Mr. Jeffery, Mr. Bowdidge, jun., Mr. C. D. Font, and Miss Cook, Mr. Seward's housekeeper.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when a report of fire-arms was heard, the contents of which had entered the *café*, and in another moment its effect was visible by the almost instant death of Mr. Abraham, he having been struck in the back by three pistol bullets, one of which passed through his body, coming out about the centre of his breast. Miss Cook, who stood near the table, was shot through the left hand and hip, the ball having previously passed between Mr. Seward's breast and Mr. Bowdidge's head (fortunately the young lady's life is not considered in danger). Mr. Seward and Mr. Bowdidge, on hearing the report, instantly ran out as far as Nicolle's house, when they heard a door slam; they then tried the door, but found it fastened on the inside.

Next morning, a watchman entered Mr. Nicolle's room, and found him with his child in his arms; he immediately surrendered himself. In the room was found a short piece, which had evidently not long been discharged.

A *post mortem* examination took place, when it was ascertained that one of the bullets had penetrated the heart, and the other two had entered the right side of the back, and fractured two ribs.

The name of the unhappy gentleman deprived of life is Samuel Levi, he having assumed the name of Abraham, from a firm with which he was connected at Liverpool.

All these facts were deposed to at the inquest, which was held the same day, and on Saturday the Jury re-assembled to consider their verdict, which was unanimously "Wilful Murder."

DREADFUL EXPLOSION OF FIRE-DAMP IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.—There happened on Wednesday morning, about half-past seven o'clock, a tremendous explosion of fire-damp at the colliery of Messrs. John Russell and Co., of Risca, near Monmouth, accompanied with a frightful loss of life. It appears that a great number of the workmen had been keeping holiday, and that only about 150 men were working in the pit at the time of the explosion. The accident occurred in the big vein, where about 35 men were working, which is the number missing on their being mustered at the mouth of the pit. Fourteen bodies have been already brought up, the state of the pit being such as to prevent searching for the remainder.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER AND COMMIT SUICIDE.—On Tuesday, great excitement prevailed in the town of Old Brentford, in consequence of the attempt of an aged and well-known inhabitant, to assassinate his son, by stabbing him, and then attempting self destruction by cutting his throat. The facts are as follows:—Thomas Law is aged 73, and had for years carried on the business of a shoemaker at Brentford, and near the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, but some months since, in consequence of falling into difficulties, he made his business over to his son, who is in his thirtieth year. His affairs, in the course of time, were arranged, he returned home to again resume his business, but he was there met by a rebuff from his son, who told him that that was no longer his house, and he thrust his father out of doors. He had since, by the aid of those who had known him in his more prosperous days, managed to subside; but, every means being exhausted, he came to the resolution of making one more effort to regain his own, or at least to obtain a shelter under the roof where he knew he was entitled to be. For that purpose he on Tuesday forenoon repaired thither, but his son refusing to listen to his appeal, he in a moment of excitement caught a knife which lay on the table and stabbed his son in the breast, who immediately fell, and the father then drew the same knife across his own throat, inflicting a frightful wound. The high words which had previously ensued, having attracted the inmates of the house, an alarm was instantly given. A surgeon was sent for, who pronounced the son to have received an injury in one of the vital organs, which would no doubt prove fatal; and having placed him in a bed and attended to him, sewed up the gash in the throat of the father, who was subsequently removed to the hospital. The old man, on being questioned, said he had better die as he had meditated than be starved. He is not expected to survive.

FIRE IN THE STRAND.—On Sunday morning, between the hours of three and four, a fire broke out in the Castle Tavern, Bull Inn-court, Strand, the property of Mr. Thomas Parker, licensed victualler. The premises, which were three stories high, were flanked on either side by numerous dwelling-houses, and were adjoined at the rear by the Adelphi Theatre. An alarm having been raised, a considerable period elapsed before the proprietor and the different lodgers could be aroused, by which time the whole of the back of the building, composed principally of timber, was completely wrapped in flames. With such impetuosity was the fire then burning, that it was with the greatest difficulty the inmates could effect a safe retreat. The waiter, a man named James Craner, together with a lodger, were obliged to leap from one of the upper windows into the court. The waiter, upon jumping out of window, started off in the state he was to the Chandos-street Brigade Station, to give intelligence. When the engines arrived, the flames had broken through the roof. There being only a lath-and-plaster partition between the burning premises and the house No. 7 in the same court, a few seconds only elapsed before the latter also became ignited. For some time it was feared that the Adelphi Theatre would have been consumed, the skylight and trapdoors on the roof being several times in flames. A number of persons, however, having mounted the roof, a quantity of water, kept there in a tank provided in case of such a disaster, was scattered about, and by that means the theatre was preserved. After labouring for some time, the firemen at length completely extinguished the fire. The damage done is very considerable; the whole of the stock belonging to Mr. Parker, together with his furniture and wearing apparel, is totally lost. The only party out of the great number of sufferers who was insured was Mr. Parker; eight or nine families are therefore deprived of everything they once possessed.

THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE NORFOLK RAILWAY.—The Coroner's investigation respecting the death of William Pickering, engine-driver, and Richard Hedger, stoker, who were killed by the recent accident on the Norfolk Railway, was resumed on Tuesday morning, for the fourth time, at the Guildhall, Thetford. Major-General Pasley was examined at considerable length upon scientific points connected with railway travelling. The General attributed the cause of this accident to the engine-driver proceeding at an imprudent and excessive speed on a descending gradient.—When all the evidence was concluded, the Jury, after being some time in consultation, sent for the Coroner, when the Foreman informed him that they had not unanimously arrived at a verdict, and he feared there were little hopes of their agreeing.—The Coroner then inquired how many of the Jury were unanimous? The Foreman answered, twelve.—The Coroner said, if the twelve jurors were unanimous, he would receive their verdict; and asked the Foreman what was their return?—The Foreman observed that their verdict was "Accidental Death, caused by the imprudent conduct of the engine-driver, in going at an excessive speed." The dissenting Jury (three in number) remarked that the verdict they were desirous of agreeing to was accidental death, caused by the misconduct of the engine-driver, and the defective construction of the engine, and inflicting a deadhead of £500 on the engine.—The Coroner accordingly took the verdict of the twelve.

ATTEMPT TO BURN FOUR HOUSES IN CAMDEN-TOWN.—On Tuesday night, shortly after nine o'clock, a simultaneous outbreak of no fewer than four separate fires took place in Camden-town, of which there is every ground to conclude was the work of an incendiary. It appears that three police-constables of the S division were going their rounds past Hawley-fields, Camden-town, when one of them had his attention directed towards the western corner house of a pile of four newly-erected habitations situate in the fields, by perceiving an unusual light therein. At first the officer imagined that the light was caused by some of the workmen drying the building; but, as it increased in strength, he hastened across the fields to examine the place, when he found smoke pouring forth from the roof and windows, which at once satisfied him that the building was on fire. Without delay an alarm was raised, and the officer being quickly joined by other constables, an attempt was at once made to extinguish the flames, by pouring buckets of water upon them. Whilst the constables, however, were passing the three other houses, they discovered that the other corner house was also on fire at the back, and in the course of a few seconds afterwards they found out that the remaining two houses were likewise in flames. A messenger was therefore despatched in a cab for the engines. The firemen upon arriving had to encounter great difficulties to get an engine near the burning houses. They having plenty of fire-buckets at hand, a line was formed by the men, and by passing the water from one to the other a stream was discharged into the buildings which had the desired effect of getting the flames extinguished. That, however, was not accomplished until the fire had travelled throughout the first-named house, and severely burned the remaining three, more especially the staircases and parlour floors. From the fact of the four houses being on fire at the same time, not the least doubt remains that the fire was wilfully caused.

SUICIDE BY A CHANCERY SUITOR.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Wakley held an inquest at the Robin Hood, Holborn, upon the body of Mr. James Ede, aged fifty-three, late an extensive tanner at Byrning, Sussex, and for the last thirty years a suitor in the Court of Chancery for property said to be to the amount of £100,000. The Jury viewed the body, which presented a most appalling spectacle, the throat being cut twelve inches across to the spinal bone.—

Mary Wheatley, chambermaid at the Robin Hood, stated that about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning deceased rang for his clean linen. She answered his bell, and told him it was not ready. A sheriff's officer was then with him. She had scarcely got down stairs when she was recalled by the officer, who said, "Go in, I think the man has cut his throat." She went in, and saw deceased with both hands working at his throat. A large quantity of blood spouted from the wound against the wall.—Mr. William Ede, eldest son of deceased, said his father had been a Chancery suitor for a large amount of property, which greatly affected his mind, and depressed his spirits. He was exceedingly reserved, and never let his friends know the exact state of his circumstances. Mr. Willis, sheriff's officer, arrested deceased about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, under an execution obtained by Mr. Thorpe, proprietor of the Robin Hood, for £180. When he told deceased under what circumstances he arrested him, deceased replied, "Impossible; I gave him a judgment, but never thought he would take such steps. It was foolish for him to do so, as he was certain of his money, for an estate would be soon sold which would realise £20,000, that would be divided amongst five creditors." He then desired witness to call Mr. Thorpe, and witness was so doing, when, hearing a noise, he turned round, and, seeing that deceased had cut his throat, called for assistance. Mr. Thorpe stated that he issued the execution at the desire of deceased, in the hope that it would induce the solicitors in the case to pay his demand. Verdict, "Insanity."

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The ceremony of presenting Lord John Russell with the Freedom of the City, took place on Monday, in the City Hall, Glasgow. The doors were opened at one o'clock, and by two, the time when the proceedings commenced, the hall was crowded by a very respectable audience. On the entrance of the Noble Lord, who was preceded by the Lord Provost, the company stood up, and cheered long and enthusiastically—the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats. On the platform were, in addition to the Lord Provost and Lord J. Russell, the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Camperdown, Lord Bellhaven, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Mr. Lauder, jun., of Grange; A. Rutherford, Esq., M.P.; the Hon. Fox Maule, M.P.; the Hon. North Dalrymple, of Cleland, &c. &c.

After an appropriate address from the Lord Provost, in presenting the Freedom, Lord John Russell, in returning thanks, adverted to the leading incidents of his public career, and said—"He was convinced, with regard to measures to come, as well as to those past, that the expression of the public voice, acting upon the Constitution of England, would gain all that was to be desired." (Loud cheers.)

He then alluded to Ireland, in these terms—"My opinion is, that Scotchmen should have the same privileges as Englishmen, and that Irishmen ought to have the same privileges as both Scotchmen and Englishmen. (Cheers.) I consider that the union was but a parchment and unsubstantial union, if Ireland is not to be treated, in the hour of difficulty and distress, as an integral part of the United Kingdom, and unless we are prepared to show that we are ready to grant to Irishmen a participation in all our rights and privileges, and to treat them exactly as if they were the inhabitants of the same island. (Great applause.) I, therefore, could never listen to, or agree with the assertion that they ought to be considered as aliens. (Cheers.) Nor could I consent to any laws, or to the absence of any laws which were founded on this unjust presumption. (Renewed applause.) And yet the endeavour to obtain those privileges—with respect to the corporations, for instance—to give to Irishmen the simple power to govern their own local affairs—even this privilege we were defeated, session after session, in endeavouring to enforce. But I am happy to say that, at this time of day, the principle appears to be generally conceded, and the dispute only appears to be, how it can be properly carried into effect. For myself, I think I could not do a greater benefit to this country than to endeavour to cement between all parts of the empire, an affection, both in peace and in war." (Cheers.)

Lord John Russell next referred to the question of Commercial Reform, and the proposal made by his Government in 1841. "You all know that part of this proposition was, that there should be an admission of foreign sugar, with a differential duty of 12s. (Hear.) It was another part of that scheme that the duties on corn, instead of proceeding on what is called the sliding scale, should be regulated according to the uniform fixed duty of 8s. per quarter—that fixed duty only to be suspended by an Order in Council, of which suspension her Majesty's advisers were to be judges. Now, in consequence of that proposition, the Government of that day were assailed as the most violent enemies of the agricultural interest. I was held up as an enemy of the farmers and agriculturists of the United Kingdom; they rejected my proposition, and it was prevented being carried in Parliament. The friends of protection—the friends of monopoly, as I may call them—thought they had obtained a triumph. Do they now rejoice that that 8s. duty was rejected? (Laughter and cheers.) Are they now prepared to say that the 8s. duty, which would have prevented much of the misery and mitigated many of the evils which occurred to the manufacturing towns in the years 1841, 1842, and 1843, would not have been a compromise most favourable to the views of those calling for protection? (Loud cheering.) I was represented as an enemy to the landed interest and to the farmer. Upon my word, upon reflection on my conduct, I only doubt that if, whether that duty having been rejected, peremptorily rejected, with every mark of scorn and contumely, I ought not to have said—I will make no further proposition of the kind. (Hear, hear.) Is there any man who, as a Minister in Parliament—as the Minister of his Sovereign—would propose terms equally favourable as those which I proposed in 1841? I believe not (laughter and cheers); and, for my part, when I saw those obstructions, and those continued rejections, I reflected that that confined proposition of mine, which was not accepted by the landed interest, was really an obstacle in the way of those who asked for the complete freedom of trade on the subject of the Corn-laws; and, rather than be an obstacle in the way, and believing that the present Corn-laws are, as I have stated, injurious to agriculture, as well as to commerce, I withdrew that proposition, and declared my opinion in a letter to the electors of the City of London, whom I have the honour to represent, that those Corn-laws ought to be totally repealed. (Loud and protracted cheering.) Gentlemen, it does not become me, in this place, to refer to occurrences of which you must all be aware, and of which the day of explanation will arrive as soon as Parliament meets; but this I will say, that when that day of explanation arrives, I trust you will find that I did not shrink from the assertion of all the principles contained in that letter to the electors of London. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, the question of a proposition with regard to the Corn-laws is now in the hands of Sir R. Peel. I know no more than yourselves what his proposition may be, or how he has agreed with the remaining colleagues, with whom he had differed, and who have again consented to serve under him: but of this I am fully convinced—that if Sir Robert Peel wishes his measure to be safe—safe to propose and safe to carry—it must be formed on broad and extensive principles. (Cheers.) I am persuaded that, unless it contains total repeal, the friends of a monopoly and protection will rejoice at the proposal of a measure which will not satisfy the country, and that they will take art to defeat that which, otherwise, they will not have the means of opposing—I say they will not have the means of opposing. (Hear.)

After contending that the people were determined to obtain a repeal of the Corn-laws, Lord John Russell remarked:—"If I am right in believing that the people of this country, that the working men of this country, take this view of the question, I should like any one to tell me if there be any body of public men in the country out of which a Government could be formed to resist that wish? (Continued cheering.) The people of this country are used to toil—they are used to labours of the most protracted kind—and in many cases their labours are of the most skilful description. The curse pronounced upon man, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, is alike applicable to the country and to the town—to the agricultural as to the mechanical and manufacturing population. We see men toiling and labouring—not from sunrise till sunset, but for far longer hours—giving the whole strength of their sinews to their hard labour, in order to obtain their daily bread; they submit manfully to the heaviest toil, in the hope to keep themselves and their families in necessary sustenance, if not in comfort; and if they wish that their supply of bread should not be further stinted—if they feel that man should not render more difficult by legislation that which has already been made difficult by the eternal doom of the Almighty in regard to natural causes, where is the House of Commons, elected by the people, who could long resist that wish? (Immense cheering.) There is another advantage which I think would arise from the total abolition of the duties on the importation of grain—it would bind this country much more closely in the bonds of peace and amity with foreign states, and more especially with one—I mean the United States of America. (Cheers.) I think nothing of the questions which are at present in dispute, (loud cheering)—questions of territory, in which, as they now stand, the honour of neither country is engaged, (cheers,) and regarding which I think calm men representing the Government of her Majesty and the United States might, by a calm and fair discussion, come to an amicable agreement. I see no prospect of war or serious difference arising out of the circumstances."

The noble Lord concluded in these terms:—"I fear not the discussion of the question. I should have little to fear of the opposition on the arguments of the men to whom I may be opposed—even though they should think, as a gentleman who was lately proposed as a member for the House of Commons did, that the fittest comparison of me was that of Satan. (Laughter.) I say I shall be very little afraid, even with so brilliant a comparison as that, if the gentlemen of the House of Commons who represent protection will only employ such arguments as they have of late thought fit to adopt. (Laughter.) Sir R. Peel has been accused of treachery to the landed interest. I will not enter upon that question; but I would here just say that he was very unkind to the landed interest, for he allowed them to speak for themselves, to make out their own cause. (Great laughter.) And such an exhibition as it was! Such a melancholy show of bad argument and worse declamation I never heard. (Laughter.) But these protection gentlemen were afraid. Though assured that these laws really allowed nothing of human food to be admitted free, they were always on the look-out, and alarmed lest some food should come in. (Hear, hear.) And when they came to the article grease, they were under great apprehension. They said—Is not grease butter? and may some persons not import this grease for the sake of eating it? (Laughter.) And Sir George Clerk, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, was obliged to get up, with great solemnity—for he does those things with great solemnity—and assure these gentlemen, all the county members, and a vast phalanx at the lower end of the House, that this grease meant butter spoiled for human food by tar (great laughter); and he confidently assured them there was no human being would attempt to eat it. (Renewed laughter.) Now, if they will but use such arguments as these—which, as I say, Sir Robert Peel most unkindly allowed them to use for themselves and did not stand forth in their behalf—they may call me by any terms they please. I do not know they can call me worse than the devil, but if they use such ridiculous arguments as these, I shall be sure of a triumph over them. (Cheers.) I hope I may be entitled to say, having received this honour from you, and being the representative of the City of London, that the great cities of England and Scotland are determined that this monopoly shall last no longer, and that commerce shall be free." (Immense cheering.)

The noble Lord, on sitting down, was greeted with three tremendous rounds of applause.

The meeting then separated; and his Lordship, on leaving the hall, was loudly cheered by the immense multitude assembled outside.

A dinner was given to Lord John Russell in the evening, at the Town Hall, the company at which was described, by the *Glasgow Argus*, as "very select, but highly respectable." Lord John Russell, in the course of the evening, spoke twice, but both speeches were so similar in spirit and tendency to that delivered in the morning as not to require further analysis.

THE RATES ON PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM.—We are happy to learn that the rates relative to the rates alleged to be due on account of the Flemish Farm occupied by Prince Albert, has been settled in the most amicable manner. The churchwardens and overseers having admitted the illegality of the rate, his Royal Highness has offered to pay, as a voluntary contribution to the parish, a sum equal to the rate to which the land in question would be liable. The payment, at his Royal Highness's request, is to commence from the year 1841.

News has been received from Berlin, to the effect that the Prussian Government, which now has the privilege of appointing a Protestant Bishop to the see of Jerusalem, had made choice of M. Belson to fill that post. M. Belson, like Dr. Alexander, originally belonged to the Jewish persuasion, but latterly embraced Protestantism.

COURT AND HAUT TON.

WINDSOR, Thursday Evening.—(From our own Correspondent).—The Queen and the Prince Consort promenaded this morning in the private plantations, and afterwards proceeded to the Royal aviary, and visited her Majesty's private kennel, on their return to the Castle. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal rode this morning on their Shetland ponies. Prince Alfred and the Princess Alice were taken for airings at the same time in the Home Park. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, took a carriage airing this afternoon. The Royal dinner party, this evening, will include the Duchess of Kent, the Baroness de Spaeth, and Lady Fanny Howard. At the Privy Council which her Majesty will hold at the Castle, on Monday, the Queen's Speech, on the opening of the Session of Parliament on Thursday next, will be determined upon. The Court is expected to take its departure from Windsor for Buckingham Palace on Tuesday.

VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO HOLLAND.—A paper published at the Hague, the *Newsbode*, states positively that the Queen intends to visit Holland in the month of May or June next.

HER MAJESTY'S LEVEES AND DRAWING-ROOM.—It may be presumed that the London season will commence at an early period this year. It is already officially announced that her Majesty will hold Levees at St. James's Palace on the following days, at two o'clock: Wednesday, 11th of February next; Wednesday, 18th of February next. The Queen will also hold a Drawing-Room, at St. James's Palace, on Thursday, the 26th of February next, at two o'clock.

PRIVY COUNCIL.—Her Majesty will hold a Privy Council at Windsor Castle, on Monday next. The Earl of Verulam and the Earl of Harewood will attend, to be sworn in as Lord-Lieutenants of Hertfordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire respectively.

CHAPTER OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.—Her Majesty will hold a Chapter of the Order of the Garter at Windsor Castle, on Monday next, at half-past two o'clock, at which Chapter the Marquis of Hertford will be introduced and invested with the garter vacant by the demise of the late venerable Earl Grey.

SIR GEORGE MURRAY.—It is with regret we announce that the gallant Master-General of the Ordnance has been prevented from attending to his official duties for some weeks, owing to severe indisposition. Indeed, the worst fears as to the result of his complaint, which, we believe, originated in an attack of gout, have been entertained. We have, however, much pleasure in now stating that he is improving.

EPITOME OF NEWS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

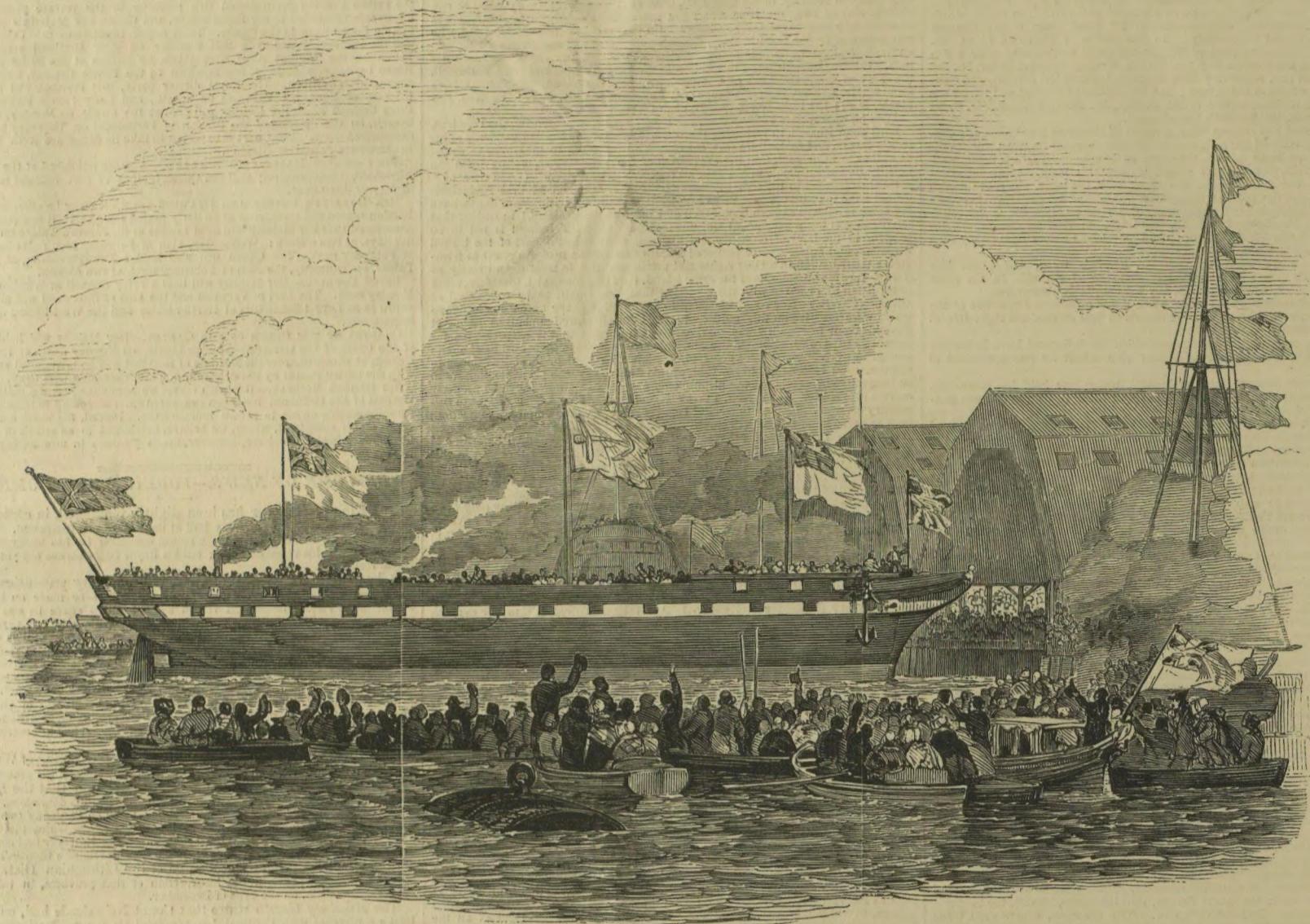
The King of Hanover has been slightly indisposed, in consequence of which the annual New Year's-day Ball at the Palace was postponed. The Crown Prince is so far recovered from the recent operation he has undergone as to be enabled to take his usual exercise; but his Royal Highness has not yet quitted the Royal residence.

A letter from Venice speaks of the extraordinary precaution taken by the Emperor Nicholas to avoid all attempts that might be made on his life. On his arrival at Padua, he himself visited the apartment where he was to pass the night, striking with a hammer against the walls. He would not partake of the supper prepared for him; but, sending for his travelling canteen, took out a bottle of Malaga and a roast fowl, of which he made his repast. Count Orloff sharing it with him. At Venice, on his departure from the theatre, four carriages were at the door, without any one knowing in which he should enter. No one knew at Venice whether the Emperor would go to Trieste by water or by land.

M. William Frederick Bach, Honorary Chapel-Master of the Court of Prussia, the grandson and last descendant of the celebrated Sebastian Bach, died a few days ago at Berlin, in his 90th year. The deceased has left several excellent pieces of church music of his composition.

Accounts from Stuttgart of the 4th state that the King of Wurtemberg still suffered from cough and fever, but less severely than on the preceding day.

Advices from Vienna of the 2nd inst. mention that the Emperor of Russia left that capital in the morning for Olmutz and his dominions. His Imperial Majesty had previously paid visits to the Duke de Bordeaux (who had come from Frohsdorf to meet him), and to Prince Gustavus Wasa, the Countess de Fiquelmont, and the Princess Leichenstein. The Emperor had conferred the order of St. Andrew on the Archduke Francis, the Archduke Charles's eldest son.



LAUNCH OF THE "AMPHION" SCREW FRIGATE, AT WOOLWICH DOCKYARD, ON WEDNESDAY LAST.

Miss Psyche Hoste, daughter of the late Captain Sir William Hoste, was to have named the *Amphion*, but in consequence of that young lady's indisposition, the interesting ceremony was performed by Miss Hawkins, niece of Admiral Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, Bart., G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet.

The *Amphion* was ordered to be built on the 16th of May, 1828, and to be named the *Ambuscade*, but from some well-grounded objection to that name, it was altered to *Amphion*, by an Admiralty order of the 31st of March, 1831. The building of the vessel commenced on the 15th of April, 1830, from the designs of Sir Robert Seppings; and was carried on on the same lines as the *Castor* frigate, but she has since been lengthened sixteen feet by the bow, and fitted in the stern for a screw propeller as an auxiliary, every other part and fitting being the same as a proper sailing frigate. She appears to be a sightly vessel, and sits well upon the water. Her figure-head is a bust of the late gallant Captain Sir William Hoste, Bart., and her stern is of a neat square form externally, but round internally, for fighting her guns, and to all appearance will be a fast sailer, and a good ship of war.

The following are her dimensions:—

	Feet Inches
Length of the lower deck	177 0
Length of the keel for tonnage	152 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Breadth extreme	43 2
Breadth for tonnage	42 8
Breadth moulded	13 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Burthen in tons, old measure, 1,473	66-94
Do. do. new	973 141-3,500

The *Amphion* is to be taken, on Monday next, to the East India Docks, to be

fitted with engines of 300-horse power, by Messrs. Miller and Ravensforth, and will be the first constructed for the steam navy of this country, with the whole of her machinery considerably under the water line, and, consequently, not liable to be deranged by shot during warfare. The screw will be fifteen feet in diameter, on Ericsson's principle, attached to engines on the direct-principle, invented, by Count de Rosen, with four feet stroke, performing forty-eight revolutions per minute. The boilers will also be under the water-line, and the vessel is expected to be a superior ship of war, by the aid of these appliances.

In addition to the authorities of the Dockyard, and several naval and military officers, there were present at the Launch, the Danish Ambassador; Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, C.B.; Colonel Chalmer, Major Elgee, Royal Artillery; Colonel Nichols, Major Bright, Royal Marines; and Commander Smith, Royal Navy.

ALGERIA.

The following important intelligence is from the *Sémaphore de Marseilles* of the 10th inst., bringing news from Algiers of the 7th. The Correspondent of that journal writes, that on the 23d ult. the cavalry of Marshal Bugeaud had gained a brilliant victory over the regulars of Abd-el-Kader, commanded by the Emir in person. The Marshal having been informed that Abd-el-Kader was encamped to the north of the mountain of Bou Chettoue, made the necessary preparations to attack him. On the 22d, at nightfall, the whole cavalry under the orders of General Jussuf was directed to march forward, whilst the Marshal would take possession, at daybreak, of a defile through which the Emir might attempt to escape before the cavalry. On reaching the valley of the Temda, General Jussuf was soon on the trace of the enemy, who had just raised his camp. The

numerous cavalry of the Emir had proceeded in one direction, and his baggage in another. General Jussuf resolved to attack the latter. His squadrons were tired after a long night's march, and could not have overtaken the cavalry. It was, besides, the surest means of obliging the Emir to give battle; for it was not probable that he would suffer his convoy and servants to be captured without even attempting to defend them. A portion of the baggage was already in the hands of the pursuers, when the Emir presented himself on the left, at the head of 700 or 800 regular cavalry, who trotted up in excellent array. General Jussuf immediately charged them, with about 450 chasseurs, gendarmes, and spahis, who were received with a murderous fire of musketry when they came within fifty yards of the enemy. The latter opposed an obstinate resistance, but were, however, soon put to flight, and rallied at some distance from the field, round the white banner of Abd-el-Kader. The French cavalry again attacked them in that position, and again routed them with considerable loss. During this second engagement the Emir's horse was killed, and his men were seen to gather round him and place him on another horse. The fugitives then took a third position, from which they were driven with the same intrepidity. Abd-el-Kader ultimately retreated, leaving in the hands of the French his killed, wounded, horses, tents, and baggage. The difficult nature of the country, and the great distance which separated him from the Marshal's infantry, did not allow General Jussuf to derive more advantage from his victory.

The annexed illustration is a scene from the late war in Algeria—an Arab encampment surprised by French soldiers. The Arabs represented are the Kabyles; the costumes those of the Chief; the female has been surprised at her toilet by the French troops. This Engraving is from a highly-finished water-colour drawing by M. F. Goupil, a pupil of Horace Vernet.



THE WAR IN ALGERIA.—FROM A DRAWING BY A PUPIL OF HORACE VERNET.

FINE ARTS



THE HOLY FAMILY.—PAINTED BY MURILLO.

MURILLO'S HOLY FAMILY (FROM SEVILLE).

(NOW IN THE LOUVRE.)

The Spanish painter clothed his sight with gleams
Of Nature's beauty, and his soul's delight
Soar'd to her skies, and revell'd in her streams;
Woo'd her rich green in all its robes of light;
Worshipped the wood-hills and the olive-groves,
Spreading their rural charms out to the sun;
And caught the fervour of the peasants' loves,
Whispered in music where his course was run.

Murillo loved the landscape-life of Spain,
Its feast of sunbeams, and its garb of gold;
Its evening love-trysts, and the thrilling strain
In which the wild and passionate hope was told;
The peasant's rustic life—its toil—its glee—
Dancing day-gladness—pleasant eve-repose,
Were sights the painter's vision loved to see;
So, with their truth his spirit-pencil glows.

The rustic cottage and the river mill,
These fall into his pictures like sweet dreams,

Laden with pleasure-images; and still
He trust paints where Nature loveliest seems.
Now comes the beautiful eternal truth,
That Nature draws the heart to Nature's God;
And many a man hath gained his faith, in sooth,
From hills he toil'd o'er, and from vales he trod.
So the proud painter passed from love of earth
To heavenly worship, with devotion fair—
Beauty and sunshine filled his land of birth,
And old Religion's fervour lingered there.
He left awhile the landscapes of his love,
To loftier thoughts his genius now was given:
Far, far he wing'd its fervent flight above,
And strove to paint the portraiture of Heaven.
Now in religious temples shone his fame,
Through works of glory which their priests enshrine;
With pious thoughts was link'd Murillo's name,
And the world-painter liv'd in things divine!
Here shines his master-task—that HOLY GROUP,
Which Seville worshipped in its sacred halls,
Long since transferr'd to swell the gorgeous troop
Which Genius summon'd to the Louvre's walls.

And now the wider world may find delight
In this best triumph of Murillo's mind,
Soaring in pious grandeur to its height;
In texture delicate—in thought refined—
Here gives he unto Heaven the homage due,
A lowly offering to th' Eternal Fount,
From which he earliest inspiration drew—
By wood, by stream, by valley, and by mount!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THERE IS A JOY. Canzonet, composed by G. T. HAYDON. Chappell.
The poetry of these words, dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, by Mr. Frankin, is of a better order than is to be found in the generality of modern songs. Mr. Haydon has composed a pleasing and flowing melody, in three sharps, three-four time—the expressive accompaniment to which will be admired.

THE MERRY LITTLE GREY FAT MAN. Eccentric Song, written, composed, and

sung by J. BLEWITT. Z. T. Purday.

The veteran Blewitt has been one of the most prolific melodists of his age, and ought to hold a much more distinguished position than that of a comic singer; but genius is too often erratic. The frequenters of our public concerts are acquainted with the *buffo* qualities of this clever composer. His accompaniments are eccentric as the words of his compositions. His song of the fable of "The Cat and the Monkey," is perfect in its kind, and always convulses the auditory with laughter. "The Little Merry Fat Grey Man" is replete with rollicking spirit; and, as there is a "natural jolly good laugh," *ad libitum*, it may be imagined that Blewitt would sing it with great *gusto*, being a laughing philosopher himself.

MUSIC.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The Beethoven "Festival" at Covent Garden Theatre, although it has been accompanied with the usual quantum of puffing on the part of M. Jullien, has been gratifying in many respects. The result has proved that the metropolitan masses are sufficiently advanced in musical knowledge to appreciate the instrumental gems set before them. The colossal C minor Symphony occupies in the execution, leaving out the repeats, nearly half an hour, and yet we noticed that the audiences of Monday and Tuesday listened with breathless attention from beginning to end; and at the climax of superb chords in this symphonic specimen of sublimity, the cheering was long continued. As from this time "symphonies," in their entire form, will be no strangers to the multitude, it may be interesting to the non-scientific lovers of music to know what are its characteristics.

We owe this class of composition to John Charles Stamitz, a celebrated violinist and composer, who was born in Bohemia in 1719, and died in 1761, at Mannheim, being then in the service of the Elector Palatine. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and was almost self-taught—at all events, he had no master of note. "Endowed," says Félix, "with original genius, he infused into his music more lightness and brilliancy than were found in the works of the German composers of his time. His symphonies preceded those of Haydn, and were probably of some use in the development of the genius of that great man. Stamitz also wrote many sonatas for the harpsichord, with very good taste. In his violin music, and particularly in his concertos, he has been compared with Tartini; but if he has less clearness in melodic imagery than the celebrated Italian violinist, he is superior to him in breadth and variety of harmony. His study, forming a duo for a single violin, proves that he must have been highly skilful in execution."

Stamitz left eleven symphonies, and it was Haydn, who laid down the special forms of this orchestral school, which has so revolutionized instrumental writing. Haydn composed no less than 118 symphonies, which maintained their popularity until Mozart came into the field with a dozen. Beethoven followed with his glorious nine, and, since him, there have been innumerable writers, of whom Spohr and Mendelssohn alone assert a decided supremacy in Germany, and Berlioz in France. A symphony may be varied according to the fancy of a writer, but it generally consists of four movements—an allegro, an andante, a scherzo (substituted by Beethoven for Haydn's minuet form), and a finale. We shall not follow the technical track of description, but to explain that it is in the treatment of a subject that musical artifices are exhausted by the inspired composer—melodic ideas, worked into all possible combinations, exhausting what are designated "Counterpoint, Imitation, fugue, canon, &c." Hitherto, except at the Philharmonic and other great concerts, it has been usual to give only a single movement, under the apprehension that gallery taste might suggest the calling out, as it has sometimes been the case with Shakespeare—of that well known sign of impatience—"Cut it short." Such, however, was not the case at the Beethoven Festival; and, although we have heard the C Minor go better than under M. Jullien's eccentric baton, the enthusiasm, skill, and spontaneity of the players, carried them through triumphantly, whenever they trusted solely to themselves. To direct the music of Beethoven is the study of a life, and M. Jullien's exciting influence in polkas and quadrilles is the experience most fatal to his success as a conductor of classical music. Whenever he had a bit of brassing or drumming, he turned round triumphantly to the executants in ecstasy, and, by his exaggerated evolutions, excited them beyond all reasonable measure. In the close of the march it was quite ludicrous—the din was awful, and Jullien's baton, "in a fine phrenzy rolling," was beating a hundred demi-semiquavers in a bar. Why does he not resign his post, when the great masters appear in his programmes, to Tolbecque, Rousset, Lucas, or Loder? He would be fresh and vigorous for the "Cricket" Polka, and the ball would be then at his feet. How can he exhaust his energies on Beethoven, when he has to gyrate in the Navy Quadrilles? No! let us have Jullien for the grand crash, or, as the Yankees have it, "the everlasting smash," but let him not soil his white kids with Beethoven.

Camillo Sivori's engagement has been fortunate. Although a pupil of Paganini, he plays the works of the German school to perfection. He executed on Monday the andante and presto of the celebrated Sonata of Beethoven, dedicated to Kreutzer, for violin and piano, Mr. Hatton taking the latter part with much ability; and on Tuesday, Sivori performed the same andante as arranged by De Beriot, under the title of "Il Tremolo." The execution of Sivori on the second night—he was indisposed on the Monday—was magnificent; nothing can be more true than his intonation in the most difficult passages. The overtures of "Egmont" and "Fidelio," the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony in F, a movement of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in F scored for full orchestra, the air with variations and scherzo of the famous Septuor, played by twenty-four violins, ten tenors, ten violoncellos, eight contrabasses, clarionets, horns, and bassoons, and the waltz "Le Désir," have been included in Monday and Tuesday's schemes. The waltz was *encore* on both occasions, in compliment to the first and second violins, the tenors, the violoncello, and the contrabass, each set of instruments playing a variation in unison, the effect of which was certainly curious, although these fantastic tricks were not of Beethoven's manufacture.

MR. HORN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Thursday evening Mr. C. Horn, the popular composer and vocalist, appeared at the Hanover-square Rooms, in a new entertainment, called "Lays and Legends of Normandy." The room was well attended, and the novelty was quite successful, owing, however, more to the excellency of the 12 new compositions which Mr. Horn has given to the world, than to Mr. Staite's gleanings from guide books, tours, &c. Normandy is rich in legends and superstitions, but the subject was not the best for a musical lecture. We shall enter further into the merits of Mr. Horn's really clever music on a future occasion.

The Messrs. Williams were rapturously encored in a delightful duet called "Memby Trip," and Mr. Hobbs in a charming canzonet, "The Maiden of Normandy," and Mr. Machin in a ballad, "Poor Marie." Mr. Horn's accompaniments on the pianoforte were far superior to his elocution, but his Entertainment will, no doubt, be popular, arising from the force of his own talents.

THE ROYAL ALBERT PIANOFORTE AND DE FOLLY'S GEOMETRICAL PIANOFORTE.

Having been invited to inspect these new inventions, we require no graphic aid to describe them. Indeed, the machinery is so simple in both instances that it would present no interesting features for illustration, and the novelties can be easily explained in sober prose. M. de Folly is the clever flautist of Her Majesty's Theatre, and his invention consists in an entirely new distribution of the keys. It is most simple, but most effective, reducing as it does the fingerings on the piano to two. When the scales of C and G are acquired, the performer can play immediately in any other key. As these are uniform keys (of equal size), the great difficulties in extreme scales are so simplified as to render the most abstruse and remote passages easy. Mr. Laurent, jun., played on Monday last on an instrument made by Messrs. Collard on this principle, and produced effects equal to the most astonishing pianists. There is not the slightest alteration in the strings and hammers—the invention applies solely to the key board. It must materially shorten the duration of pianoforte practice, and the executants of *tours de force* will have to commence again. The leading professors have highly approved of M. de Folly's ingenuity.

The Royal Albert Pianoforte is the invention of Sebastian Mercier, a maker in Paris. By means of a transposing action, which consists of a key in the centre of the instrument, turned either to the right or to the left, whilst a spring is held down, the performer may raise or lower the pitch *five* semitones, without shifting the ivory keys or changing a note of the piece as written by the composer. This is a most beautiful and ingenious invention, and a marvellous triumph of mechanical power. To singers and to singing masters, it is invaluable. If the voice be out of order, or if the composition be too high or too low for the register, the melody is immediately at hand, and the compass of the transposing power being *five* semitones lower or higher than *any given scale*, the extent, as Mr. Calcott justly observes in his able treatise, is abundantly sufficient for every vocal purpose.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

The 106th Anniversary Festival of the Madrigal Society was celebrated on Thursday night, at Freemasons' Hall, which was opened for the first time since it has been renovated and altered. Lord Saltoun was in the chair, and several works of the old masters were sung by a choir of upwards of a hundred voices. We shall give a sketch of the Madrigalists in our next publication, with an account of the society since its formation.

THE WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—This Society met on Saturday, for the first time this season, at the rooms of the Royal Society of Musicians. Mr. Spencer was conductor, in the place of Mr. Hawes, who was absent from indisposition. Under the active exertions of Mr. G. Budd, the Secretary, this Society has, in six years, gained a prominent position, and, in numbers, now exceeds the Madrigalists at the Freemasons'.

THE GLEE CLUB AND THE ABBEY GLEE CLUB.—These two Clubs met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on Saturday evening last, being the second meeting of the season of the former, and the first of the latter, which is directed by Mr. Jase Howe. The "Glee Club" has Mr. Elliott for Conductor, and Mr. King as his colleague. Sir Felix Booth was in the chair. The gems were T. Cooke's "Shade of my Heroes," Horsley's "Cold as Cadwallo's Tongue," Webb's "When winds breathe soft," and Ward's Madrigal, "Die not, fond man."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. Adams will perform on the great organ in Exeter Hall, on Friday next. The selection includes, in addition to Mr. Adams's extempore performances, many well-known pieces.

CONCERTS.—Miss H. Groom gave a concert at Crosby Hall, on Monday; and Mr. Robinson's annual concert took place on Wednesday, at the Music Hall, Store-street. On Monday next is the third meeting of the Choral Harmonists; and on Wednesday following is the first of Madame Dulcken's classical soirees.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The renovation of the interior of this establishment is now actively progressing, and the prospects of the lessee are anxiously anticipated. The engagement of Madame Tadolini, so long the Idol of Vienna, is certain. Rubini has written to a friend in London, announcing a visit this year; and this, of course, signifies that he will sing again at the Opera. Lablache, Mario, and Grisi—a glorious triumvirate—return. Verdi will come to compose an opera expressly for this country.

BALFE'S "STAR OF SEVILLE."—After a run of a month, three times per week this opera is announced for twice a week until further notice. Balfe has sold the copyright for £600, and is off to Vienna, where his compositions are very popular. His "star" is evidently in the ascendant, although not a fixed one.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The 70th season of the Queen's Concerts of Ancient Music, will commence on the 11th of March.

CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.—Professors in the habit of giving concerts, must bear in mind that Epsom Races commence on the 26th of May, and Ascot on the 9th of June.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ART-UNION CARTOONS.

Cotton and Corn have been belabouring each other with undiminished vigour during the week. Their heat appears to increase as time draws on to the 22nd. To judge by the language of either side, their great anxiety is for the comforts of the poor. We are glad of it. But it required a crisis like the present to make the fact apparent.

It is refreshing to turn from the din and dust of political warfare into the quiet walks of art; that is, it would be refreshing—if we must not grumble. It is something to find an Art-Union among a nation of shopkeepers. It is something, even more pleasantly significant, to find, that while the League is raising its quarter of a million, and the Protectionists are proposing to raise their Heaven knows how much, both for the worthy purpose of creating faggot votes, and swamping actual constituencies, the Art-Union raises its annual £19,000 for the purchase of pictures and the issuing of engravings. This year they have gone a step further: a prize of £500 has been offered by them for the best Cartoon of historical subject, and the picture to be painted from it. The Cartoons are exhibited in the New Water Colour Society's rooms, in Pall Mall, and we invite the reader to turn aside with us for a half hour's criticism.

Only twenty-eight artists have responded to the call. Their works are before us. It is, on the whole, we say it with sorrow, a most melancholy exhibition. It would be still more melancholy, if we were forced to draw any inference from it as to the condition of English art. But we are released from this unpleasant necessity. The competitors are obviously young, and most of them inexperienced hands. The exceptional works can be easily referred to their authors. The Cartoons were confined to subjects illustrative of British History. When such an announcement is made, we may generally predict, with considerable certainty, what subjects will be chosen. Somehow or other, the Artists' History of England is a very limited work. It might be printed in a small compass. It is true that it begins with the Druids, and ends with Prince Albert—so far the *cycles* is complete. But within these ends, one finds a rather broken abridgment of the shaldest and shortest of school histories. It runs somewhat thus:—

FIRST PERIOD.

"The Druids."
"Caesar's Invasion."
"Alfred in the Danish Camp."
"Ditto Letting the Cakes Burn."
"Canute Reproving his Courtiers."
"Death of Harold."
"Discovery of Body of Harold."

SECOND PERIOD.

"Death of William Rufus."
"Queen Eleanor Sucking the Poison from the Arm of Edward I."
"The Heroic Corporation of Calais."
"Margaret of Anjou and the Robber."
"The Smothering of the Prince by Richard III."
"Various Passages in the Life of Henry VIII."
"The Execution of Charles I."
"Various passages in the Life of Cromwell."

THIRD PERIOD.

"Various Naval and Military Incidents during the Reign of George III."
"The Battle of Waterloo."
"Prince Albert in all Costumes and under all Circumstances."

We cannot say that, in the present instance, the artists have, many of them, departed from the good old subjects which we have enumerated. They served our predecessors, why should they not serve us?

Of the twenty-eight Cartoons, we have a majority of the unmitigatedly bad; of these, some are bad to feebleness—others, bad to absurdity—others, bad to positive imbecility. These last provoke no severer criticism than the sudden and spontaneous laughter of every one who passes them. We felt, as we burst out into an irrepressible and most plebeian *guffaw* before one of these abortions, of which the "scenery, dresses, and decorations," seemed to have been borrowed from an Adelphi pantomime, that the artist might be in the room, might be hovering anxiously about his work—over which he might have spent sleepless nights and laborious days—and we were ashamed of our own want of consideration and good breeding—but we could not help it—we laughed in spite of every effort to look grave and critical.

The most generally admired Cartoons in the room are those marked 10 (our old friend Philippa and the respectable burgesses of Calais) and 23 (the welcome of the Boy King, Henry VI, into London, after his Coronation). Though both (the first especially) show great skill and considerable knowledge of effect, they are essentially theatrical in conception, and untrue, as well as undignified, in art. The last makes a lavish display of knowledge of costume and the resources of sepia; and, by the aid of strong shadows in the foreground, strong lights in the middle distance, and a mass of effectively-drawn figures, grouped as if for a *tableau vivant*, or well-arranged stage picture, attracts a goodly crowd of admiring spectators. But we fear they are not of the right sort.

No. 12, "Howard Visiting a Prison"—probably at Constantinople or Smyrna, judging by the costume, for his philanthropy sought to alleviate misery abroad as well as at home—is a work of great power, employed on a repulsive subject. We assert, what every artist who visits the Exhibition will admit, that it is by many degrees the most remarkable work in the room. The *chiavi scuro* is admirable; and, were it not for the hideous picture of suffering it presents, the Art-Union could not find in the Exhibition any work that would make so effective an engraving as this. It displays, besides, a firm and decided power in the drawing, and a knowledge of anatomy, combined with profound expression in the heads, though it is limited to mere gradations and varieties of suffering. The smoky light of the gaoler's torch mingles with the gleam of a struggling sunbeam that has lost its way in the prison, and strayed into this vault of horrors. The work is original, besides, and justifies high augury of its author. We regret his choice of a subject, though Poussin's "Plague of Athens," Sir Joshua's "Ugolino," and Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa," may well be pleased in justification. But we fear that it will prevent his Cartoon being chosen by the Society for the prize, which, we cannot help thinking, the same high power, bestowed on a more attractive and popular theme, would have secured.

No. 22, "Alfred addressing his Successor," deserves much praise for the breadth and simplicity with which the subject is treated. It contrasts favourably, in this respect, with the gaudy and theatrical effects of the "Boy-King" Cartoon, which hangs next to it.

No. 29, "Spenser Reading his 'Faerie Queen' to his Wife and Sir Walter Raleigh," is, though simple almost to meanness, very good indeed, both in drawing and intention. There is nothing in the whole Exhibition better than the figure of Raleigh. The attitude and expression convey, gracefully and perfectly, the notion of fixed and intelligent attention, while the position of the figure is easy and natural. We should be glad to know the name of the artist. He will be heard of yet, if unknown at present.

With No. 26—"The Seizure of Roger Mortimer by Edward III. in Nottingham Castle"—a spirited and highly-finished though theatrical group—we must close the list of exceptions to the sweeping condemnation with which we started. The Exhibition must be a source of mortifying disappointment to the Art-Union Committee. They have left themselves no option of rejection, by the terms of their notice inviting competition. It would be well that they should hereafter do so, should they not be deterred by what we must call the present failure from making a similar attempt in a future year.

In fact, we much question if this method of competition is ever likely to lead to good results. Men of merit are unwilling to risk the chances of an anonymous exhibition and the verdict of an irresponsible jury, unless in the case of a Government plan like that which led to the exhibitions in Westminster Hall. There was the chance of Government, or, in other words, national employment: success paved the way to that sort of immortality which springs from the association of an artist's name and work with a great national edifice. Here there is the chance of painting a picture for which £500 is by no means too high a price under ordinary circumstances, and of having your picture vulgarised by transmission in the form of an engraving through 15,000 hands, more or less incapable of artistic judgment. It was not a great stake to strive for, and the competitors have been few, and, on the whole, feeble.

We blushed to see some foreigners in the Cartoon Room. What must the Frenchman, hot from the Louvre; the Bavarian, fresh from the frescoes of Munich; think of English art, if this is to be judged a fair sample of it?

The Art-Union would do more for art by commissioning an artist of ability, undoubted even if not yet stamped with the seal of popular or fashionable admiration, to paint a picture on the terms they offer to the successful competitor on this occasion, than by again venturing on a contest similar to that which has given birth to so much rubbish.

Let them, by all means, encourage unknown art. Let them have an annual exhibition of their own, if they will; but when they want an historical picture, don't let them try another anonymous competition.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA AND MR. T. M. HUGHES.—The following Address from the Municipal Chamber of Funchal, to T. M. Hughes, author of "The Ocean Flower," has been carried by acclamation, on the motion of the Baron De S. Pedro:—“Illustrous Sir,—The Municipal Chamber, over which I have the honour to preside, commissions me to pay you a debt of gratitude in its name. The Chamber has seen with patriotic and extreme delight the admirable artistic production with which you have generously responded to this land for the few brief days of health which you have enjoyed; days which, though short, gave abundant time to that eagle glance, with which the hand of God has gifted you, to reveal to you all the beauties and the poesy contained within this favoured corner of the earth. The Ocean Flower is, beyond all question, the most finished description of the Island of Madeira which master-pencil has given to the light: it is the exuberance of Madeirese nature in its infinite variety of colours and perfumes, of forms and harmonies of every description, brilliantly reflected by a mind the most richly endowed with the gifts of poetry and love of the beautiful that ever visited our shores. These hymns of a wanderer from the banks of the Thames, raised from the summit of Pico Ruivo, give something of the pride of that lofty mountain to the natives of the land they celebrate. Who is there but sees that henceforth the sky and the rocks, the valleys and the fountains, the trees and the flowers of Madeira, will have more enchantment for the eyes of your countrymen than they ever possessed before? Who, but sees that from hence may spring unnumbered advantages, which must make for ever dear to it the name of the bard whose lyre has divulged to the world the secret of its aesthetic value? It is therefore that this Chamber conceives itself most deeply indebted to you, and entrusts to me the task—an exceedingly grateful one—of returning you, in its name, and in that of the people whom it represents, its sincere and cordial thanks. God preserve you many years!—Funchal, in Chamber, this 15th December, 1845. (Signed) ALEXANDRE D' OLIVERIA, President of the Chamber.”

THE THEATRES.

In spite of all the grumbling rumours of sinking funds and approaching panics, it is cheering to see that the depression is not of sufficient import to influence the masses in their pursuit of amusement, as the state of the theatres nightly testify. Christmas is always regarded by the managers, as their harvest-time; but the present season appears to have been the most productive for several years. And this run of luck is not confined to one or two houses, at the expense of the others; but appears to be very fairly divided amongst them all.

At DRURY LANE, the return of Mademoiselle Flora Fabbri has proved of infinite service to the treasury. We do not recollect a case in which any *danses*, with so little aid from anticipatory puffs and paragraphs, so rapidly established herself as a public favourite. She has the rare tact of placing herself at once on familiar terms with the audience. Every glance at the house seems to be directed towards intimate friends: and this *bonhomie*—if the term is allowable—ensures her the warmest reception. The small folks who represent the Lilliputians in "Gulliver," are praiseworthy little people; and are productive of much delight amongst those in the audience part of the house, who number no more years than themselves.

At the HAYMARKET, the rush to see Miss Cushman as *Romeo* continues; and on the nights when this gifted actress performs, every available corner is occupied. We have heard that there is a chance of her being permanently engaged at this theatre; and that her next appearance will be in Mr. Sergeant Talma's tragedy of "Ion." "The Cricket on the Hearth," respecting which we felt we could not conscientiously speak in terms of particular praise, has not been improved by the substitution of Mr. Stuart for Mr. Webster in the part of *John Peerybingle*. We do not say this in detriment to Mr. Stuart's talents as an actor, but the part is not in his line.

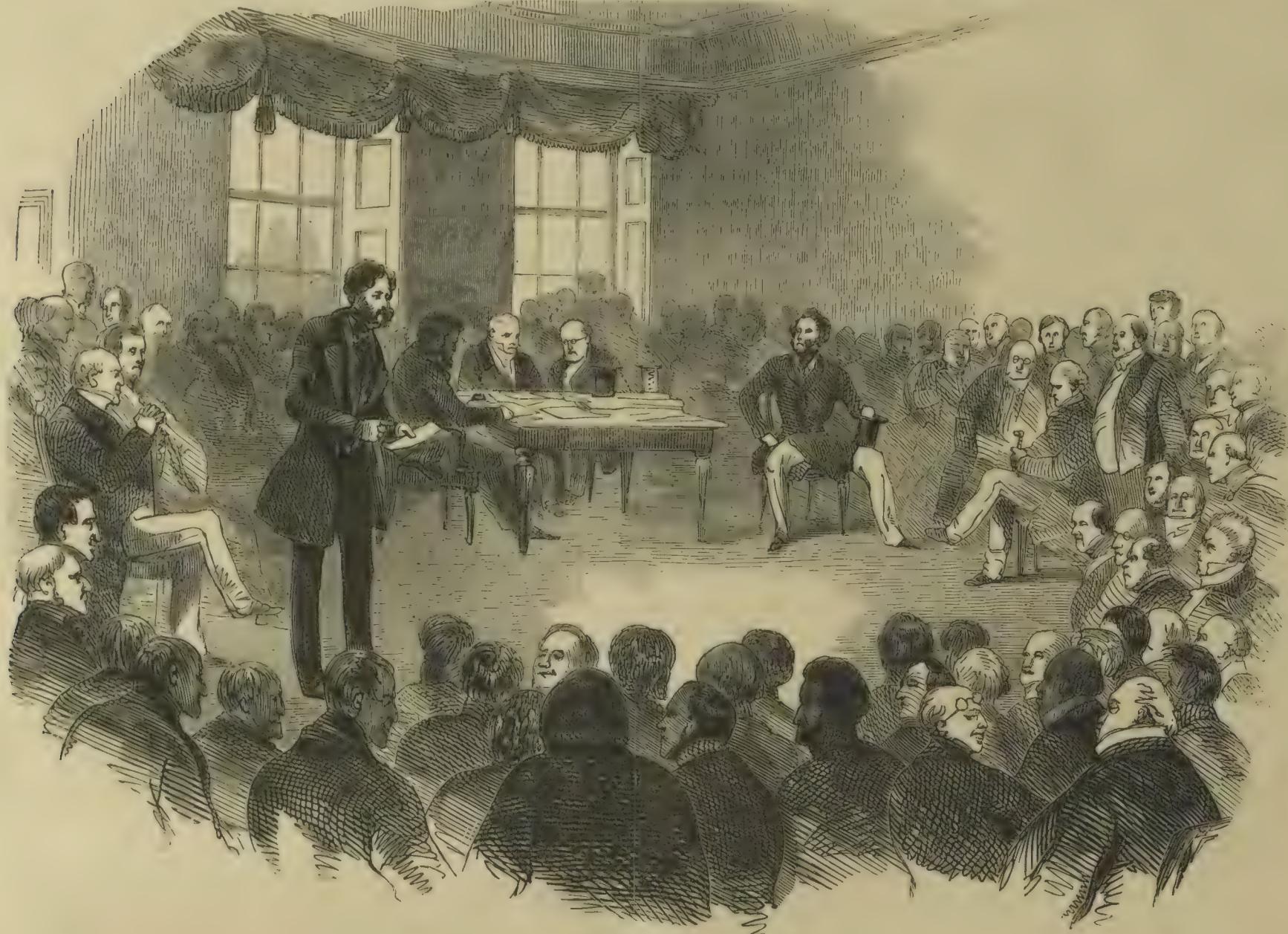
The LYCEUM still prospers, and the present pieces will probably hold their respective places in the bills for some time.

The ADELPHI is also flourishing. Wright's *Tilly Slovboy* elicits roars of laughter, in which we confess to have joined, albeit prejudiced at all times against the assumption of female characters by actors. His exclamation of "What a caps!" when Mrs. Fielding's "mitre" first meets the gaze of the foundling handmaiden, is delicious.

"James" appears about to retire from public life, for a little time, at the PRINCESS'. Meanwhile, "The Cricket on the Hearth" is still chirping; but, in our opinion, Mr. Wallack never made a greater mistake than in declining to play the part of the *Carrier*, which, we are informed, he did. He would have given us a powerful interpretation of the character.

All the other Theatres are "well to do," and we find a round dozen of *Crickets* making their "fireside song of comfort" in the various playhouses of the Metropolis.

PROTECTION SOCIETY'S MEETINGS—WOLVERHAMPTON.



THE MEETING IN THE ASSEMBLY-ROOM, WOLVERHAMPTON.

ing votes. (Hear, hear.) The events of the last month afforded a strong argument in favour of the Corn-laws.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. R. Evans said that the question for their consideration was, how was this protection to be maintained. He thought they were right in taking a leaf out of the book of the Anti-Corn-law League. Not that leaf which prescribed the purchase of votes by corruption and perjury, but the leaf which taught them the necessity of meeting together, and displaying their strength and determination. He could not agree in the remark that their condition excited alarm. Looking at the meeting that he saw before him, and remembering that not many miles off another meeting was being held in the same county, he did not despair. He could scarcely believe that Sir Robert Peel, the father of the present law, could abandon it. Could he have been intimidated by the letter of Lord John Russell? reducing, as it did, that statesman to the level of a League follower. (Hear, hear.) He did not, and would not believe that Sir R. Peel would deprive them of protection—nay, not even of the protection they now had—for, with less protection, corn could not be grown by the English farmer. He begged to move that "This meeting records its unalterable determination to support a protection, certainly not less than at present existing, and to resist, by every legal and constitutional means, every attempt at its reduction, in whatever quarter it may originate."

Mr. Hilditch seconded the resolution. He would call upon them to borrow the tactics of the League—they must meet combination by combination—meeting by meeting—fact by fact—argument by argument. (Cheers.) But, above all, they must meet falsehood by truth. (Loud cheers.) He was no advocate of a class legislation, but he was the advocate of a position which would reward

the farmer, and yet give the cheapest food to the consumer. (Cheers.) The English producer could not compete with the foreign grower, and, not being able to compete with him, the one Government must sink into a vile subserviency on the other. America would settle the Oregon question, and every other dispute in which she was engaged with England, by depriving them of their bread and cheese. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. E. Wigan moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting hereby declares its readiness to co-operate with the Central Protection Society, and with the Local Protection Societies, in any steps which may be deemed applicable on the present or at any future emergency."

Dr. Mannix begged to second the resolution. The League had great wealth—vast numbers; but they wanted the moral force of truth, and, wanting that, they were an enemy which the agriculturists need not dread. All that was necessary was that they should exert themselves and defeat those sinews of war of which the League so much boasted.

Thanks were voted to the Earl of Dartmouth for his conduct in the chair, which his Lordship briefly acknowledged, and the meeting separated.

Our Illustrations represent—

1. The Exterior of the Assembly Rooms at Wolverhampton, just after the arrival of the noble Chairman of the Meeting.

2. The Meeting in the Assembly Room: the speaker is Major Chetwynd. At the table is seated the Noble Chairman (the Earl of Dartmouth), and, at a short distance to the left of the table, is seated Sir Robert Pigot, Bart., M.P.

3. Distant View of the Town of Wolverhampton by Night; the great light from the numerous iron-works, &c., producing the extraordinary effect of a conflagration.



EXTERIOR OF THE ASSEMBLY-ROOM, WOLVERHAMPTON.



WOLVERHAMPTON BY NIGHT.

BRITISH MUSEUM:
MODEL OF THE CAR
OF JUGGERNAUT.

A Model of the celebrated Car of Juggernaut (*Jag-ganátha*), has just been placed in the New Room at the British Museum, popularly known as "the Chinese Room," from the great Chinese Bell being placed near the centre of its floor. The Juggernaut Model is inclosed in a glass case, nearly in a line with the Chinese Bell. The Car Model is somewhat small, but it displays the idolatrous finery of scarlet broad-cloth, numerous flags, &c.

The raths, or Cars, are used at the great festival of the Chariot: they have an imposing air, from their size and loftiness, being about 40 feet high, with solid wheels of six feet diameter; but every part of the ornament is of the most mean and paltry description, save only the covering of striped and spangled broad-cloth. The splendour and gorgeous effect of which make up, in a great measure, for other deficiencies.

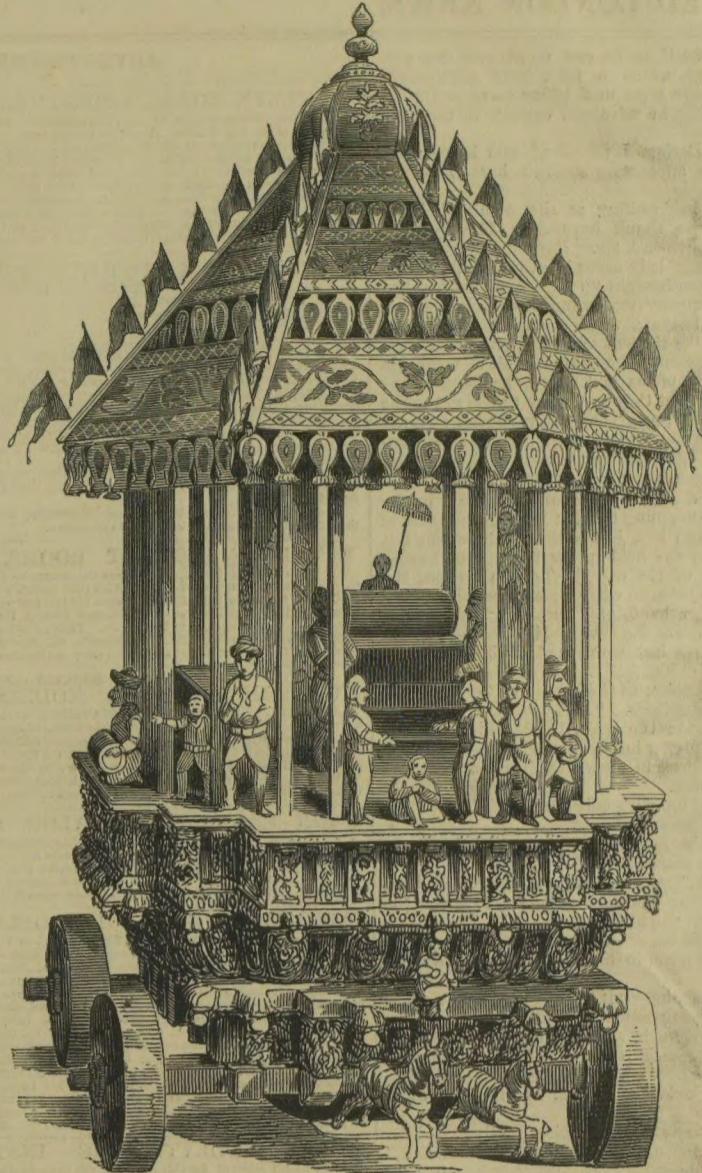
ALTERATION IN THE NAVAL UNIFORM.—One of the reported alterations in the naval uniform is with respect to the great-coat. It is to be similar to the late frock-coat, only double-breasted, with buttons on the lappels behind, the material to be of pilot cloth or Flushing. This will supersede the infinite variety of great-coats, pea-jackets, &c., now worn according to the taste or fashion of the wearer. Should the old distinguishing marks on the cuffs, to denote the executive rank, be adopted, the introduction of this uniform dress for bad weather will doubtless be a great improvement.

Colonel Baumgardt, of the 2nd or Queen's Regiment, has been appointed Deputy Governor of the Tower, in the room of Colonel Gurwood, deceased. Lord Charles Wellesley is mentioned as likely to have the vacant colonelcy.

THE NEW MONEY-ORDER OFFICE, GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

The admirable system of Registering Letters at the General Post-office, provides a secure mode of transmitting, by post, Bank Notes, Bank-post Bills, Drafts, &c., by means of what are termed "Money Orders;" and so largely has the benefit of this Department been felt by the public, that the business of the Money-Order Office has increased co-extensively with that of the Penny Postage System. Accordingly, it has been found requisite to extend the accommodation of the office; and, with this view, the edifice shown in the annexed Engraving, is now in course of erection, opposite the Castle and Falcon, in Aldersgate-street. It is a handsomely finished elevation, the lower story channeled: the interior is commodiously fitted for extensive business, as are the vaults for the reception of stores, account-books, &c.

Some idea of the extent of the Money-Order Office, with a brief account



MODEL OF THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of its origin, may prove acceptable at this time to our readers.—It was first instituted as a private speculation, by a gentleman named Robert Watts, who was at the time one of the senior clerks in the inland department of the General Post-office. It occurred to this officer that the transmission of small sums by post would prove an advantage to the public, who had at that time no means of sending such amounts except by bankers' orders, attached to which there always was the hazard of misreading, delay, or loss. The matter was mentioned to Sir Francis Freeling, the then Secretary to the Post-office, who recommended that the privilege of sending the orders and advices per post should be permitted, as the scheme might materially enhance the revenue of the office. High rates of commission were charged for several years; still, so much did the public value the facility thus afforded, that the business in Foster-lane (where the old Money-Order Office was situated, and where it still remained as a *private concern*) very materially increased. A recommendation, however, was eventually made to the Treasury, that the office should be incorporated with the Post-office, and become thereby part and parcel of that establishment. This was done, and compensation awarded to Mr. Watts for the loss of the pecuniary benefits he realised from his speculation. Subsequently, the rates of commission were much lowered, and the accommodation from time to time extended to places which previously had no Money-Order Office. The following are the present official regulations with reference to the sums charged for commission:—

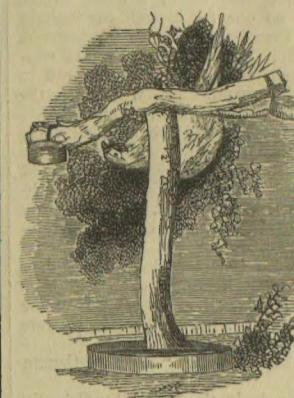
"*Threepence* on sums not exceeding two pounds; and on sums above two and not exceeding five pounds, *sixpence*. Beyond this amount no order is given. Orders are issued and paid in London, and within the three-mile circle, between the hours of ten A.M. and four P.M., and in other places, between the hours of nine A.M. and six P.M., except during the short intervals of time when the letter-boxes are closed for the receipt of paid letters." From a recent return to an order of the House of Commons, it appears that there are appointed to perform the duties of the Money-Order Office, at the present time, the following staff of officers.—One president (Wm. Barth, Esq.), one chief clerk, fifteen senior clerks, twenty-five junior clerks, fifty-three probationary clerks, two provisional clerks, nineteen extra clerks, five messengers, and one porter, which number, we understand, will be considerably increased when the new office is finished. The annual cost for salaries to the above officers amounts to £10,612 12s., independently of 10*½*d. per hour paid for all extra duties, when required.



NEW MONEY-ORDER OFFICE.

GERALD GAGE; OR, THE SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPELY," ETC.



HE stranger then fell to asking a variety of questions about Mr. Livingstone, as of a person whose great wealth and eccentric character rendered him an object of legitimate curiosity to the world; all of which Mr. Pilrig answered, to the best of his knowledge, with evident pride and pleasure.

"Among other strange peculiarities he has," observed the stranger, "I understand he is determined never to make a will."

"That's a mistake, Sir," said Mr. Pilrig; "he *has* made a will. And when he had said this, he knitted his brow, folded his lips, and looked out of the corner of his eye at nothing, as who

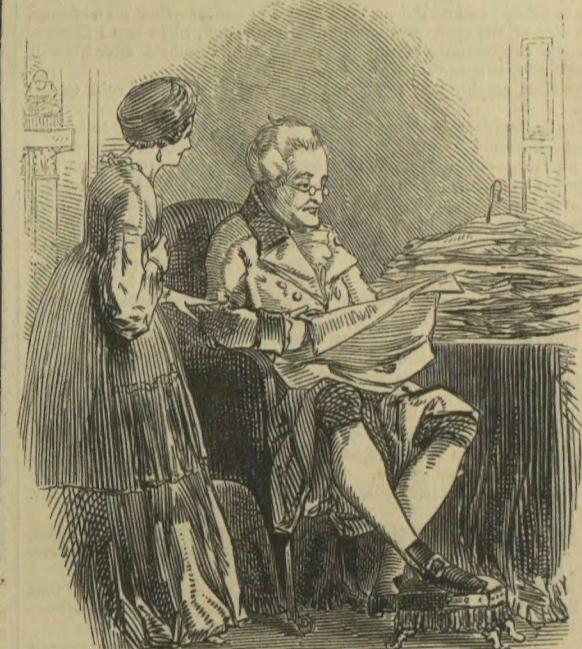
should say, "There's a weighty matter for you! I'm not going to say any more; I'm going to think of something else, while you digest that as well as you can."

"Well," said the stranger, in a tone of *bonhomie*, "I am glad of it—very glad of it, indeed. As I said before, I know nothing of Mr. Livingstone, nor of anybody belonging to him; but I think it's always a pity when a man of his fortune does not provide handsomely for his connexions, but allows his wealth to fall into the hands of a single person, who perhaps doesn't deserve it; I mean, of course, where there are no children. I believe Mr. Livingstone is not married? At least, I never understood that he had any family."

"He never was married, Sir," said Mr. Pilrig.

"I thought I had heard as much," replied the stranger, with assumed indifference; "but every man who, like Mr. Livingstone, has been the architect of his own fortune, must, necessarily, have poor relations; brothers and sisters, who have not been able to keep pace with him; nephews and nieces, perhaps, who have no means of rising but through the assistance of their rich uncle. Now, how much better is a fortune bestowed, when divided amongst ten or a dozen such worthy persons, or even half a dozen than if the whole were accumulated on the head of one thankless, good-for-nothing spendthrift. I trust Mr. Livingstone, under the influence of your advice, has avoided an error so common to wealthy persons."

"Ah, Sir," replied Mr. Pilrig, "if these monied men could be induced to take advice! But when once they have got a crotchet into their heads about the disposal of their property, the devil himself can't get it out again. What would you think, now, if Mr. Livingstone were to leave every stiver of his fortune—a few small annuities excepted—every stiver of his immense fortune to a person who is no relation to him, a person whom he never saw, and not only whom he never saw, but whom he never intends to see! I don't say that it is so; I only ask you if that wouldn't be a whim worthy of a millionaire?"



"God bless me!" exclaimed the stranger, looking astonished, and at the same time mysterious and confidential; as much as to say, "Of course you're quite safe with me, this conversation is strictly private, and will go no further." "God bless me, you don't say so! A person whom he never saw, and whom he never intends to see! It's one of the most singular caprices I ever heard in my life. But what's the motive? What's the connexion?"

"None, Sir; no connexion at all. The young man's a son of an old college chum, a poor parson, who never had more than three hundred a year in his life; and the youth himself no more expects to inherit the fortune than you do."

"What's his name?" asked the stranger.

"Gerald Gage," replied Mr. Pilrig.

Now, when Mr. Pilrig commenced these disclosures, which he had done with the view of giving himself importance, and gaining the confidence of his wealthy fellow-traveller, he had not the most distant intention of exceeding, what he considered, the bounds of prudence and professional faith; but his own vanity and love of talking on the one hand, and the leading questions of the stranger on the other, had enticed him on from one stage to another, till, at last, when the final question was put to him, quite unexpectedly—put, too, with an air that evinced no consciousness of impropriety, nor implied any doubt of a ready answer—he had not presence of mind, or resolution to draw back. To have declined answering would have been a reproach to the asker, well merited, certainly; but the easy confidence and *bonhomie* of the stranger disarmed him, his apparent wealth and high connexion dazzled and awed him, and his own imprudence confounded him—so that, well-merited, as he felt it would have been, he had not resolution to administer it. But the words had no sooner passed his lips than he would have given the world to recall them. He cast an uneasy glance at his other two fellow travellers. Jenny Spike was looking out of the window, with an air that plainly indicated it was perfectly indifferent to her who Mr. Livingstone left his fortune to; but the eyes of the impatient gentleman were turned upon him with an expression of the most unbounded amazement.

Mr. Pilrig blushed to his fingers' ends, and felt all over in a heat; he could not wonder at the young man's surprise at such unpardonable indiscretion; he could have bitten off his tongue with vexation; whilst his reverence for the stranger, extinguished by his own mortification, was changed into a feeling very like resentment; and, acting upon the old adage, "when the steed is stolen," he resolved to close his lips for the remainder of the journey, and not answer another question upon any provocation whatever. But this resolution, wise as late, soon appeared to be also superfluous; nobody seemed disposed to ask him any questions. The impatient gentleman, although his countenance still retained its expression of astonishment, and although he cast sundry glances of wonder and curiosity at Mr. Pilrig, continued as silent as before; and

the Stranger, seeming suddenly to have caught the infection, said not another word. The silence was first broken by Jenny Spike's inquiring, when they entered Marlborough, if that was Bath; a query which, being addressed to the general society, no one felt himself particularly called upon to respond to, and which, therefore, remained unanswered. The dinner past over sulkily and silently. As it was the depth of winter, and the sky heavy with snow-clouds, the evening soon closed in after they re-entered the coach, and it became dusk, whereupon the whole party drew into their respective corners, and either went to sleep, or pretended to do so. Jenny's head, however, was the only one whose nodding betokened a genuine slumber, which was first disturbed by the rattling of the coach over the paved streets of Bath. Everybody looked through the windows as the vehicle dashed through the lighted thoroughfares, till a sudden stop at the door of the White Hart, announced that those who were going no further than Bath had reached their destination.

The moment the coachman drew up his horses, and before the door could be opened to liberate the passengers, a person, who had been standing at the inn door, advanced, and, putting his head in at the window, appeared to be looking for somebody; but the passengers were in the shade, and undistinguishable.

"I have a letter," said he, in a hesitating voice, "for a gentleman that was to come by this coach."

But though the passengers were in the shade, the light fell sufficiently upon the face of the messenger to admit of their seeing him, and the impatient traveller immediately held out his hand, as if recognising the man had satisfied him that the packet was for himself.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mr. Pilrig, stretching out his hand also, "I expect a letter to meet me here. Perhaps it's for me?"

"No, Sir," replied the messenger, who by this time had caught a glimpse of the impatient traveller's physiognomy—"No, Sir, it's for this gentleman—it's for Mr. Gerald Gage."

CHAPTER II.

Before the unexpected announcement with which we closed our last Chapter, had well escaped the lips of the messenger, Mr. Gerald Gage was upon the pavement. "Get my portmanteau," said he; "it's in the boot, I believe, and take it home. Tell my father I will be there by-and-by."

"I believe master wished to see you, Sir," answered the man, touching his hat, "before you go any where else."

"Do what I tell you, will you?" said the young man impatiently, as he turned to walk away."

"Sir, Sir, give me leave—allow me—one word, before you go," cried Mr. Pilrig, hastening after him—"one word I beg of you."

"I'm in a hurry, Sir," replied Gerald, "some other time."

"I'll not detain you a moment," said Mr. Pilrig, "I'll not detain you at all—I'll walk by your side, if you'll give me leave, while I say a few words, that, a circumstance so unforeseen—a coincidence so extraordinary—so unfortunate, if I may venture to say so, has—has rendered necessary. I have been to blame, Sir, very much to blame—I won't attempt to excuse myself—I never was guilty of such a thing in my life, and I'd rather have cut my tongue out than have done it, if I had time to think what I was about. But I was surprised into it—taken unawares—but, as I said before, Sir, I won't attempt to excuse myself. I know it's impossible—but, good God! Sir, when I think what the consequences may be, the consequences to you, Sir, if Mr. Livingstone only suspected that you had got an inkling of the matter—such an odd man, Sir, a man of the most eccentric character. I say, Sir, when I think of what the consequences of my imprudence may be—he'd alter his will, Sir, he'd alter it that very hour—"

"And not employ you to make the alteration, I fancy," said Gerald Gage.

"That's nothing, Sir," panted out Mr. Pilrig, "I'm not to be considered—I should get but what I deserve—but you, Sir; the loss of such a fortune—thousands upon thousands—I won't say it may not be a million—a word, Sir, a single word—a hint, and it's all smoke, Sir, smoke. Mr. Livingstone's an old man too, Sir. It is but keeping silence for a few years—perhaps a few months—and then, Sir, what a thing to step into—no incumbrance—every thing clear as the back of my hand—such a fine property—every thing so well secured—so, so desirable, Sir, in every way—and to lose it all for—for—just for—"

But, by the time he had reached this point of his discourse, Mr. Pilrig was fairly done up. Mr. Gerald Gage was a tall, slender young man, with long legs, and wind like a race horse. Mr. Pilrig was the reverse of all this; added to which, his expenditure of breath, betwixt his agitation and his eloquence, was tremendous. So, seizing the young man's arm in the desperation of his dilemma, he exclaimed, in the most earnest voice that his lungs would permit, "For God's sake, Sir, stop! stop and speak!"

"What would you have me say, Sir?" said Gerald Gage, abruptly turning round and facing him.

"I want you to reflect, Sir, upon the consequences—" began Mr. Pilrig.

"I have no time to reflect, Sir," replied the impatient youth; "besides, Sir, it's you that should have reflected on the consequences. But, in two words, what is it you want of me?"

"I want you, Sir, to promise that you will never let the secret pass your lips—that you will never mention to anybody whatsoever—the circumstance that I have been so unlucky as to—to—"

"Why, Sir," interrupted Gerald, "I think I have pretty strong reasons for not mentioning it, since I do not doubt the truth of what you assert, namely, that Mr. Livingstone would alter his intentions if he supposed they were suspected. I only wish you had been as cautious as I shall be. How do you know, Sir, that the fellow you have been talking to in the coach will not blazon it all over Bath to-morrow; and that we may not see it in one of the evening papers by the next night?"

"I hope not, Sir," said Mr. Pilrig; "a gentleman of his fortune and standing in society would be above doing such a piece of mischief. But I shall hasten back directly, and speak to him on the subject, and endeavour to obtain his promise."

"Then, the sooner you go the better, Sir," said Gerald, "and pray learn to be a little more cautious in your communications for the future."

"I shall, Sir; you may rely on it, I shall," said the humbled Mr. Pilrig, as he turned his steps towards the White Hart, whilst the eager young man hurried on his way with augmented velocity, to make up for the time he had lost in the above conversation. But, by the time the lawyer reached the inn, the coach had departed on its way to Bristol, and, whether the other two inside passengers had gone on with it, or had remained in Bath, the wailer could not inform him. He rather thought he had seen a young woman asking a porter to carry her box for her; but, with respect to the gentleman, he had not observed him at all. There was nothing left, therefore, but to trust to the stranger's discretion; but Mr. Pilrig felt an uneasy conviction that people that ask indiscreet questions are apt not to be good keepers of council; and, although he tried to banish the thing from his mind, and to hope for the best, yet he could not recover his former complaisance. The consciousness of his imprudence sat heavy on his mind, which occasioned the Welsh rabbit he ate for supper to sit heavy on his stomach. He passed a bad night; his mind was disturbed, and his body restless. He had not only periled the young man's fortune; but, what was worse, he had periled his own; just, too, as it was taking a favourable turn. He had not much distrust of the woman; he thought she had probably not attended to, or not understood, the conversation, sufficiently to comprehend the importance of what had passed, or its connexion with the final discovery. The stranger was his *bête noire*, and he resolved to pass the following day in hunting for him through the streets and public resorts of Bath, in order, if he could find him, to make an appeal to his honour and good-nature on the subject. But his labour was vain. Unfortunately, he did not know his name; otherwise, he concluded, a man of such eminence would have been easily discovered; and, after bestowing more time on the ineffectual search, than he had to spare from his other business, and making vain enquiries of the coachman, who knew nothing about him, he was obliged to return to London, and present himself before his wealthy client, with the painful consciousness that he had betrayed his trust, and a distressing uncertainty of the use that might be made of his imprudence.

In the meantime, Mr. Gerald Gage pursued his course with eager steps, through street after street, to the outskirts of the city, till he reached a small house, that formed one of a row, called Prospect-place—although, whatever it once might have had, its only prospect, now, was the back of a similar row of houses on the opposite side of the way.

"She is still up," said he to himself, as he cast up his eyes to a window in the second floor, through which a faint light glimmered; "that's fortunate, for I should have gone mad before to-morrow, if I had not seen her;" and, so saying, he advanced eagerly to the door, and knocked.

"I am not too late to see Miss Dering, I perceive," said he to a spectably-dressed woman, whose appearance denoted her to be the mistress of the house.

"No, Sir," said the woman, half smiling as she admitted him; "you're time enough yet; but we shan't have *Miss Dering* much longer. I fancy: I suppose you've heard, Sir. I'm sure everybody is so glad, for a more deserving young lady never breathed; and it was a real pity to see a lady that had been brought up to a carriage, and had the first of educations, and of company too, reduced to such straits as she has been. Few know, Sir, but me, what she's had to struggle with, for she always tried to make the best of things, and never complained; but many a day, to my certain knowledge, a bit of meat has never passed her lips; and a cup of tea and an egg has been all the nourishment she afforded herself. But they say, when things get to the worst, they must mend; and I trust, poor young lady, she has seen her worst days, and that she'll be as happy with Mr. Weston as she deserves to be; for they say he's an excellent gentleman; and, no doubt, he has a fine fortune, and can keep her as she ought to be kept."

And, as the worthy woman liked Miss Dering, and delighted in the sound of her own voice, there is no telling to what length the thread of her discourse might have run out; but, just as she concluded the last paragraph, the flame of the candle she held in her right hand having communicated itself to the wick of the one she held in her left, Mr. Gerald Gage, without pausing to listen to what further she might have to say, snatched the latter from her hand, and, ascending the narrow staircase by two steps at a time, was at the door of Mrs. Venn's last words had died away in the passage below.

"Come in," said a sweet female voice, as the handle of the door, half turning, indicated that some one was there. "Is it you, Mrs. Venn?"

There was but one dim light upon the table, beside which the fair tenant of the room sat, diligently plying her needle, when Gerald threw open the door; and, as he stood there in silence, she started from her seat at perceiving the figure of a man.

"Don't be alarmed, Emily," said he, "it's only me!"

"Gerald!" exclaimed she, in an accent of surprise.

"Yes, Emily," answered he, "it's Gerald; the person you least expected, I fancy, and, perhaps, least wished to see."

"I did not expect you, certainly," replied she. "I understood from your father that, when your shooting was over, you were to spend the rest of the vacation in London, with the Millers."

"Is that a reproach, Emily?" said he. "If it is, I deserve it; richly I deserve it. It's quite true, I did mean to have finished the vacation in London."

"And why should you not?" said she. "It would have been a great pity not to have availed yourself of so pleasant an invitation."

"So I thought, Emily!" replied Gerald; and therefore I accepted it. But I should have remembered how easily the absent are forgotten, and have been less confident."

"Confident of what, Gerald?" asked Miss Dering, raising her eyes to his face.

"Of what I thought was my own—of your affection, Emily?" said he.

"That would have been a strange confidence, had you entertained it," said she, assuming more coldness.

"I'll not affect to misunderstand you, Emily," answered Gerald. "You think I have neglected you; and perhaps you are justified in thinking so. The truth is, I have been too confident. I thought myself so secure of your affection, that I have not taken sufficient pains to keep alive a sentiment that I fancied too firmly rooted in your heart to be easily ejected."

"You have then been greatly mistaken," said Miss Dering, calmly. The sentiment you allude to, and the existence of which I do not intend to deny, was awakened by your kindness—shown when I most needed it—but with that kindness it died. Not my gratitude; that still remains, and inspires me with the warmest wishes for your happiness."

"Am I to believe this, Emily?" exclaimed Gerald, throwing himself into a chair, and forcing her to seat herself beside him. "I cannot believe it; if I did, there should be but one step between that conviction and a—. But I did not come here to threaten you—that would be like a blackguard; but I came to know my fate definitively; and then, when I know it, —"

"What then?" asked Emily, as he paused.

"No matter what," answered Gerald; "to you it will, of course, be indifferent—but this night must decide. Mr. Weston is rich, I know it, and I am poor. It is true, you plighted your faith to me, and we exchanged vows of never-ending love; but faith has been broken ere now, and vows cannot bind a fickle heart. If you are changed—really changed—say so; and, however hard it may be, I will believe yourself against yourself. But oh, Emily, if, as I believe, your heart is still mine—for I have that confidence in your truth, that what appears arrogance in me is but trust in you—if you are sacrificing yourself to pique, or selling yourself for wealth—"

"For wealth! For bread, you mean?" interrupted Miss Dering. "I never desired wealth, nor do I desire it now; but neither am I sacrificing myself. It is true I am not in love with Mr. Weston, neither does he suppose I am. He is of an age to want a kind and faithful companion; and I need a home and a protector. I am satisfied of his worth; and he is satisfied that I shall honestly and cheerfully fulfil the duties I undertake. In short, it is a union of prudence on both sides, and therefore likely to be a happy one."

"If your heart were free from any other attachment it might," replied Gerald; "but is it so? Question it, Emily. I know you better than you know yourself. I estimate better your unchanging constancy, the unalienable nature of your affections: it has been on that acquaintance with your character that I have presumed too far. You have felt yourself neglected, and are justly displeased, and you mistake pique and displeasure for indifference. But you will awaken from that delusion by-and-by, when it's too late, and find yourself miserable!"

"No, Gerald!" replied Emily; "no; I'm sure I shall be happy in doing my duty." But her lip trembled, and her voice faltered, as she spoke.

"I tell you, no, Emily!" said Gerald. "If, indeed, you had supposed I had ceased to love you, time and absence and indignation might have banished my image from your heart; and you might then, perhaps, have found your happiness—an insipid, joyless happiness—in the performance of the duties you speak of; but it is too late, Emily; it can never be so now. You know it yourself—you feel it. You can never marry Mr. Weston, for now it would be a sacrifice—a hateful sacrifice—a sacrifice from which your heart recoils."

"Then, Oh, Gerald!" exclaimed Miss Dering, bursting into tears. "Oh, Gerald, Gerald! how selfish and how cruel it was of you to come!"

(To be continued.)

RUMOURED MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The *Sun*, of Thursday evening, says:—"The rumour is revived that Lord Lyndhurst is about to resign the Great Seal, for reasons unconnected with Ministerial policy. It has been strongly rumoured in Westminster Hall that Mr. Pemberton Leigh has resisted most earnest solicitations from the Premier and the Duke of Wellington to succeed to the Wool-sack; and that, in consequence, the following arrangements are contemplated:—Sir Edward Sugden to be Lord Chancellor; Sir F. Theysier, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and Mr. James Wortley to be the new Solicitor-General, the present Solicitor-General becoming, of course, Attorney-General.

THE FUNERAL OF EARL GRANVILLE.—On Wednesday morning the mortal remains of the late Earl Granville were removed from the family residence, in Bruton-street, to be conveyed by railway to Whitmore, and thence to Stone Park, Staffordshire, to be interred in the family vault, in Stone Church. The funeral was conducted in the most private and unostentatious manner possible, for all the applications from the Royal Family and nobility to permit their carriages to follow were declined. The interment took place in the afternoon. The Earl Granville, the Hon. Fred. Leveson, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Stuart, and Dr. Vereday, left by the earliest train, to attend the solemn obsequies.

PEACE! AND THE OREGON QUESTION.—It has been suggested by some of the advocates of the cause of Peace, that friendly addresses, from the Merchants of this country to the Merchants of America, as fellow-citizens of the world, mutually dependent the one upon the other, would, at the present juncture, be very seasonable, and would exert a decidedly salutary influence on the public mind in both nations. These addresses to be short; to deprecate so dire a calamity as War, and contrast it with the untold blessings of Peace; to acknowledge the absolute dependence of Commerce on Peace; and to urge NATIONAL ARBITRATION for the adjustment of NATIONAL DISPUTES.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A STLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster-bridge.—Proprietor, Mr. W. BATTY.—Crowded nightly, to witness the wondrous performances of the Dog Emilie. Hundreds turned away each evening. In compliance with the numerous requests made at the Box-office, an engagement has been entered into for Three Weeks longer continuation of the Drama of THE DOG OF THE PYRENEES, after which period it must positively be withdrawn, in order to make way for the representation of the last new Parisian Spectacle of the ELEPHANT OF THE PAJADAS, which has caused so great a sensation in the French Metropolis, in which Mr. Batty will have an opportunity of exhibiting his celebrated pair of Elephants. On Thursday next, January 22, the Morning Performance will take place.—Box-office open from Eleven to Five. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven. Stage Director, Mr. T. Thompson.

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lent my lute to o - ther hands, When mine were cold and weak; And with it gave such dear com-mands, That no rude theme might

break The qui - et of the me - lo - dy 'Twas wont so long to sing; And that it should re - turn to me With

out one al - ter'd string.

2.

I've got my own lute home again,
But ah, how changed its tone!
The sound of its once happy strain
For ever now is gone,
Its gentle murmurs, loved so much,
Have turned to noisy mirth;
And oh! it had one fairy touch
I would not lose for earth.

3.

The chord that wakened to that touch
Was strung by Jove's own hand;
And its wild melody was such
As heart could not withstand.
But hatred now is where love thrilled;
Hope's cheering sounds are fled;
And Memory's urn is sadly filled
With ashes of the dead!